the weekly
Standard
DECEMBER 22
$2.95

LARRY LAWRENCE, DISINTERRED
TUCKER CARLSON

Gary Bauer, Washington's Most Formidable Conservative

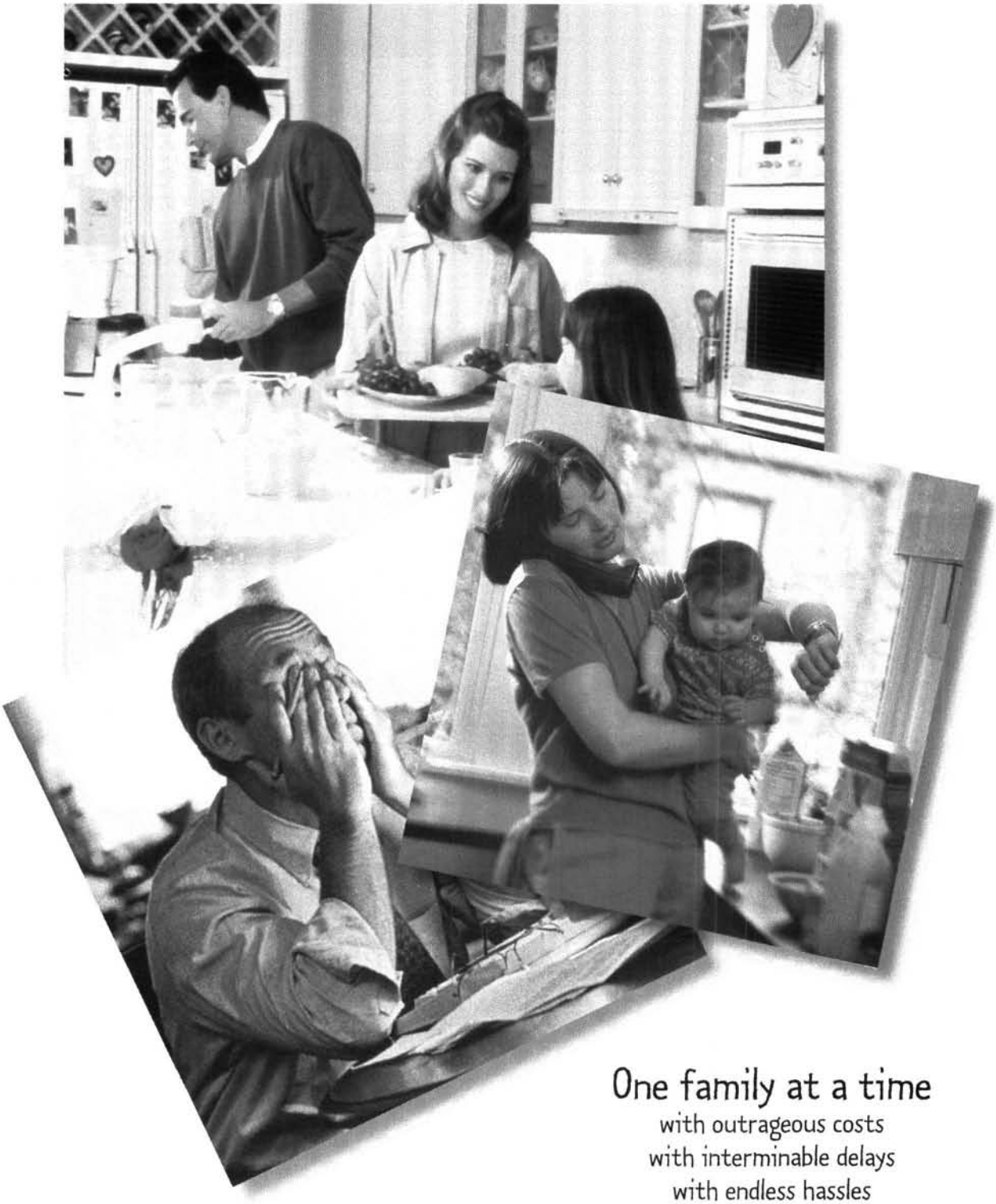
# BAUER POWER

BY FRED BARNES

#BXNFMVD******5-DIGIT 94301
#943010555UNZ R2# AUG 03 98 043266
217000 94301 0555 UNZ R08 000504
RON UNZ 0115 001
# 371 **C 003
555 BRYANT ST
PALO ALTO CA 94301-1704

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# HOW ARE THE BELL MONOPOLIES STOPPING COMPETITION?




LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Rob Cramer would have to work for 2 days to earn the money a local Bell monopoly charges to switch local service. ($261)

The Bell monopolies charge up to $261 to allow you to change local phone companies. To change long distance companies, a process that takes just about as much work, they charge just $5 or less.

This is another ploy clearly meant to discourage people from asking to try another local phone company. And, unfortunately, it works.

**The Bell monopolies are creating new barriers to competition every day. But we won't stop until consumers get relief. MCI will work with federal and state regulators, and other new entrants, to open local markets to offer people a real choice. Together, we will make the regional Bells obey the spirit of the law, pass the Telecommunication Act's Fair Play Test, and stop abusing consumers.**

© MCI Telecommunications Corporation, 1997. All rights reserved. http://competition.mci.com

Source: Line installation and order charges effective 11/10/97: California $261, Florida $180, Massachusetts $126, Oregon $117, Wisconsin $92.

MCI

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# The local Bell monopolies are forcing the Clark family to wait up to 6 weeks just to switch phone companies. 6 long weeks of hassles and higher rates.

People who ask to switch to a local phone company are often left in a state of limbo. Since they don't know when, or if, their request will be honored by the Bell monopoly. In some cases, people have to call their Bell monopoly as many as eight times to get any action at all, while at the same time paying higher rates and not getting the carrier of their choice.

**The Bell monopolies are creating new barriers to competition every day. But we won't stop until consumers get relief. MCI will work with federal and state regulators, and other new entrants, to open local markets to offer people a real choice. Together, we will make the regional Bells obey the spirit of the law, pass the Telecommunication Act's Fair Play Test, and stop abusing consumers.**

© MCI Telecommunications Corporation, 1997. All rights reserved. http://competition.mci.com

MCI

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# John Stinnett had the right to choose a new local phone company. He just wasn't prepared for the Bell monopoly bickering, arguing and hassles.

The Bell monopolies have their ways of keeping residential and small business customers. Instead of letting you switch local providers quickly and easily, Bell monopolies have argued, misled and delayed. Other times they pressure you to explain why you want to switch. Then there are those intimidating letters from the Bell monopolies that try to persuade you not to exercise your right to choose.

We think switching to a new local phone company should be as easy as choosing a new mechanic, a dry cleaner—or a long distance company.

**The Bell monopolies are creating new barriers to competition every day. But we won't stop until consumers get relief. MCI will work with federal and state regulators, and other new entrants, to open local markets to offer people a real choice. Together, we will make the regional Bells obey the spirit of the law, pass the Telecommunication Act's Fair Play Test, and stop abusing consumers.**

© MCI Telecommunications Corporation, 1997. All rights reserved. http://competition.mci.com

MCI

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# THE HERITAGE FOUNDATION

## 25 Years

The Heritage Foundation is a research and educational institute whose mission is to formulate and promote conservative public policies.

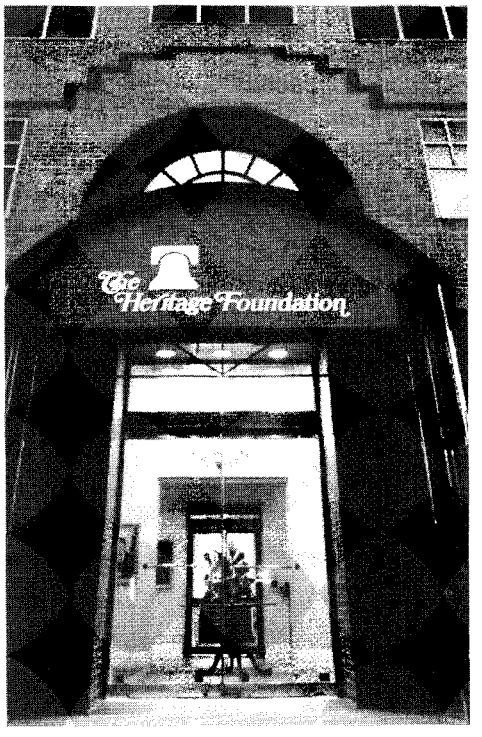
Founded in 1973, Heritage grew rapidly and by 1983 President Reagan talked of "the astonishing growth of a remarkable institution called The Heritage Foundation."

Today Heritage is one of the nation's largest public policy research organizations and with more than 200,000 contributors is the most broadly supported think tank in America.

The story of our 25 years is the story of triumph. The triumph of ideas. The triumph of optimism and change. The triumph of freedom. As former Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher said so eloquently recently, "The power of truth. The power of ideas. Ultimately they amount to the same thing because only truthful ideas—ideas that are in tune with the essential dignity of man—can prevail across the years."

*"Success in politics is about issues, ideas and the vision we have for our country and the world. In fact, the very sum and substance of The Heritage Foundation."*

—President Ronald Reagan




What about the next 25 years? In providing *Leadership for America,* the Heritage vision commits us "to rolling back the liberal welfare state and building an America where freedom, opportunity and civil society flourish."

*For more on Heritage's first 25 years, watch for Lee Edwards'* The Power of Ideas, *which will be in bookstores in February, 1998 (Jameson Books, 360 pages, $29.95). The author, as William F. Buckley, Jr. writes, "has caught the special magic of a foundation that began as small as the first tinkertoy engine of Henry Ford and rose in 25 years to become the dominant think tank in the country." For more information, call 202-615-6150.*

LEADERSHIP FOR AMERICA • HERITAGE • 25 YEARS • THE HERITAGE FOUNDATION

214 Massachusetts Avenue, N.E., Suite 520A, Washington, D.C. 20002 • www.heritage.org

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the weekly Standard

VOLUME 3, NUMBER 15 • DECEMBER 22, 1997

6 SCRAPBOOK
Apartheid at the *Times*; Hillary plays soccer; and more.

8 CORRESPONDENCE

10 CASUAL
Christopher Stump is fit to be tied.

11 EDITORIAL
The Clinton Loophole

13 LARRY, WE HARDLY KNEW YE
Disinterred but not forgotten. *by* TUCKER CARLSON

15 THE EDUCRATS TAKE ON DENVER
Clinton's Office for Civil Rights on a tear. *by* VINCENT CARROLL

16 ANOTHER IKE TO LIKE
Rep. Skelton, the military's friend. *by* MATTHEW REES

40 NOT A PARODY

*Cover by John Kascht*

18 BAUER POWER
Gary Bauer, Washington's most formidable conservative. *by* FRED BARNES

23 THE MAGICIANS OF KYOTO
Global environmentalists and their superstitions. *by* NICHOLAS EBERSTADT

27 QUIET IN THE LIBRARY! . . .
. . . children are viewing porn. *by* NEIL MUNRO

## Books & Arts

31 ENGRAVING LONDON The eighteenth-century world of William Hogarth. *by* CHRISTOPHER CALDWELL

35 THE HORROR, THE HORROR The moviegoer's diary. *by* JOHN PODHORETZ

37 STALIN'S PHOTOSHOP Cropping history in the U.S.S.R. *by* ARNOLD BEICHMAN

**William Kristol,** *Editor and Publisher* **Fred Barnes,** *Executive Editor*

**David Tell,** *Opinion Editor* **David Brooks, Andrew Ferguson,** *Senior Editors* **Richard Starr, Claudia Winkler,** *Managing Editors*
**J. Bottum,** *Books & Arts Editor* **Christopher Caldwell,** *Senior Writer* **Jay Nordlinger,** *Associate Editor*
**Tucker Carlson, Matt Labash, Matthew Rees,** *Staff Writers* **Kent Bain,** *Art Director*
**Victorino Matus,** *Assistant Editor* **Jacqueline Goldberg,** *Assistant Art Director* **Pia Nordlinger, Christopher Stump,** *Reporters*

**John J. DiIulio Jr., Joseph Epstein, David Frum, David Gelernter, Brit Hume,**
**Robert Kagan, Charles Krauthammer, P. J. O'Rourke, John Podhoretz** *Contributing Editors*

**David H. Bass,** *Deputy Publisher* **Jennifer L. Felten,** *Business Manager*
**Lauren C. Trotta,** *Circulation Manager* **Doris Ridley, Carolyn Wimmer,** *Executive Assistants* **Jonathan V. Last,** *Research Associate*
**Sarah Barnes, Adam Langley** *Staff Assistants*

THE WEEKLY STANDARD (ISSN 1083-3013) is published weekly, except for the first week of January and the first week of September, by News America Publishing Incorporated, 1211 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY, 10036. Periodicals postage paid at New York, NY, and at additional mailing offices. Send subscription orders to THE WEEKLY STANDARD, P.O. Box 96153, Washington, DC 20090-6153. Yearly subscriptions, $78.00; Canadian, $98.00; foreign postage extra. Cover price, $2.95 ($3.50 Canadian). Back issues, $3.50 (includes postage and handling). Subscribers: Please send all remittances, address changes, and subscription inquiries to: THE WEEKLY STANDARD, Customer Service, P.O. Box 710, Radnor, PA 19088-0710. If possible include your latest magazine mailing label. Allow 3 to 5 weeks for arrival of first copy and address changes. For subscription customer service, call 1-800-983-7600. Send manuscripts and letters to the editor to THE WEEKLY STANDARD, 1150 17th Street, N.W., Suite 505, Washington, DC 20036-4617. Unsolicited manuscripts must be accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. The Weekly Standard Advertising Sales Office in Washington, DC, is (202) 293-4900. Advertising Production: call Natalie Harwood, (610) 293-8540. Postmaster: Send address changes to THE WEEKLY STANDARD, P.O. Box 930, Radnor, PA 19088-0930. Copyright 1996, News America Publishing Incorporated. All rights reserved. No material in THE WEEKLY STANDARD may be reprinted without permission of the copyright owner. THE WEEKLY STANDARD is a trademark of News America Publishing Incorporated.

The Audit Bureau Member

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Apartheid at the *New York Times*

The *New York Times* went recruiting last month to the journalism school at Berkeley. A number of students showed up, Helen Vozenilek and Philip Dawdy among them. So far, so ordinary. But as the *Daily Californian* first reported, Vozenilek "said she was stopped at the beginning of the session and informed by the recruiter that the internship position was for 'minorities only.'" And Dawdy, a white male, "was stopped in his tracks by the *Times* interviewer and told that the internship was not for whites." This set off a two-day e-mail firestorm on campus.

The upshot: Not a single Berkeley professor or administrator had a critical word to say on the record about racially exclusive hiring—or about the *Times*. One professor did say, "We made mistakes by not informing students better about what recruiters were looking for." And Marcia Parker, director of student and career services at the J-school, had laughable advice for the white students. According to the *Daily Californian*, she said, "It is important that even non-eligible students go to the interviews and talk to the recruiters because the recruiters keep extensive files and refer to them later as job opportunities turn up."

Incidentally, what does the *New York Times* have to say about its apparently illegal practice of "minority candidates only" recruiting?

## Little Rich

The world is a simple place in the nursery, and it has stayed a simple place for *New York Times* columnist Frank Rich: Either you're on his side, or you're a Nazi. Charlton Heston, for instance, thinks that gun control is a bad idea. So he's a Nazi. A talented Nazi, maybe—Rich compares him to Leni Riefenstahl, the propagandist who made for Hitler the visually stunning movie *Triumph of the Will*—but still a Nazi. And maybe Heston isn't so talented anyway, Rich adds: Gore Vidal says he was a lousy actor in *Ben-Hur*, and who should know better about bad actors than Gore Vidal?

Why take out after Heston now? Every year the Kennedy Center in Washington honors a small group of American artists, and the Oscar-winning film star and National Rifle Association official was in this year's crop. Almost without exception, press accounts of the event made some disparaging aside about the actor's politics. But only Frank Rich decided to blame him for the recent school shootings in Kentucky. And only Frank Rich thought to claim that Heston's gorgeous looks in the 1950s carried a subliminal homoerotic message.

Heston deserves congratulations for his latest honor, and as for Rich, well, once upon a time—and it was a long time ago—he was a discerning theater critic, capable of subtle appreciations and delicate distinctions. But then he decided to put away childish things and write for the editorial page. And somewhere along the way his critical judgments even about actors narrowed to only two categories: himself and the Nazis. It doesn't really seem quite enough to go through adult life with.

## Now, For Some Candor

When President Clinton bemoans the lack of candor in the national conversation on race that he's been staging, he's not being candid himself. What he really means is that there haven't been enough Hallmark moments—not enough crackers 'fessing up tearfully that their inner child is a bigot; not enough minorities testifying to the pain of victimhood. But thanks to the first lady's bravura performance among the 32 middle- and high-schoolers in Boston last week, this shortage of cheap emotion has now been rectified. Mrs. Clinton, as the AP reported, "spoke openly of her own encounters with prejudice."

Now, what could this possibly mean? Did the young Hillary Rodham belong to a segregated swim club growing up in the prosperous white Chicago suburbs? Did she have a secret girlhood crush on a politically incorrect person such as the late Mayor Daley? No, it turns out that a "soccer goalie" in high school was mean to her. A white soccer goalie. A soccer goalie who said—get this—to the future first lady: "I don't have to know you to hate you."



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Scrapbook

It's hard to see what this has to do with race, or even prejudice, or anything besides Hillary Clinton's desperate desire for the spotlight of victimhood.

## The Farrakhan-Wanniski Tag Team

On the very day last week that Louis Farrakhan held a press conference in Baghdad to accuse the United States of engaging in "terrorism" against Iraq and of being "the greatest threat to world peace," the Nation of Islam leader's supply-side acolyte, Jude Wanniski, penned the essay that followers of Wanniski's Web-site rantings have long anticipated: "Why Jews Are Different." A sample of the Wanniski mind at work: "While the population of the world has gone to 6 billion, with Jews now only a tiny fraction at 13 million, that small number is the most powerful and educated and talented, pound for pound, than [sic] any other group. With all the terrible things that civilization has endured for these millennia, Jews have traveled through as if on their own private spaceship."

Now, which spaceship would that be? The one with the evil scientist Yacub that Farrakhan took a ride on?

## Rage! Blow!

The Old Vic theater in London has seen its share of weepy melodrama since it was founded in 1818, but Sir Peter Hall delivered a particularly risible performance last week, when the theater, which is being sold, hosted a final *King Lear*. According to the *Daily Telegraph*, Sir Peter pointed a heavy accusatory finger at the English élite's arch-villain, or rather, -villainess: former prime minister Margaret Thatcher (who left office in 1990). "Since the coming of Mrs. Thatcher [in 1979]," he said, "the arts have been scrimped and economized on" (a declaration greeted by the audience with "loud cheers"). Continued the embittered impresario, "Why don't we have a referendum, not about Europe, but about, 'Do we want the arts?'" Thatcher, he tearfully avowed, had made England inhospitable to the good, the beautiful, the true. Sir Peter could only observe, sadly, "We are a daft country"—a belief to which, on the hallowed boards of the Old Vic, he gave evidence.

## The Succinct Clinton

Last week, The Scrapbook invited the White House to cite an instance in which the president had given a simple yes or no answer to any question—this, after Clinton badgered conservative scholar Abigail Thernstrom at his Akron race-fest to give a yes or no answer about affirmative action. Well, the White House didn't rise to the bait, but Rep. John Boehner of Ohio did. "Dear Scrapbook," Boehner writes. "Considering this White House's difficulty in locating records and files, I asked my staff to lend a hand in this endeavor. I am pleased to announce that they were able to identify a forum in which the president frequently answered questions with a very curt 'yes or no.' The venue? The president's testimony during the Whitewater trial." Boehner included copious examples. "Q: Did you ever ask David Hale to make you a loan? A: No. Q: Did you ever ask David Hale to make Jim McDougal a loan? A: No."

As Boehner correctly notes, "It would appear the president is perfectly capable of limiting his answers—at least when any misstep could potentially result in a perjury charge."



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

## ANTI-FREE MARKET CANARDS

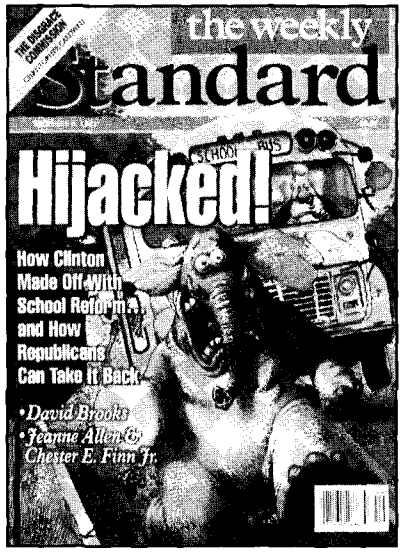
Capitalism now suffers under a crushing load of confiscatory taxes; regulation runs up the price of everything we buy and holds down the wages we earn; discrimination police force companies to man customer phone lines with people the customers can't understand. These are but a few of the thousands of other intrusions by government.

So how does Irwin M. Stelzer propose to save capitalism? By having the government beat up on Microsoft ("Why Janet Reno vs. Bill Gates Is Good for Capitalism," Dec. 1). After professing his love for free markets and competition, Stelzer goes on to recite all the anti-market clichés that have flooded welfare-state-mentality economics textbooks for decades. And he praises anti-trust laws as the protectors of competition—as though they've ever been used for any purpose other than to beat down successful competitors.

Stelzer repeats the old canard that a company like Microsoft can eliminate all its competition through low prices and giveaways, and then raise its prices to the sky after the competition is gone. This is the standard argument for anti-trust law, and yet no one has ever cited a real-life example of a company that was able to do this. The day a company tries to abuse its customers, new competition suddenly springs out of the bushes—except when anti-trust laws prevent companies from entering a market to compete.

He seems afraid that Microsoft's "sheer market power" enables it "to bar entry to competitors or squeeze them out." Has he ever visited a computer store? Has he seen the row upon row of software products that compete with Microsoft—word-processors, spreadsheets, databases, e-mail programs, accounting programs, and on and on. Obviously, Microsoft's success hasn't created a "stifling of innovation." Quite the opposite: Microsoft has opened the doors of opportunity to thousands of up-and-coming companies.

The computer business is the freest industry in America today. But Stelzer wants to bring the government in to make it better, somehow—not to run it, but to act as the fair, benevolent, impartial referee of his imagination. But what he wants wouldn't just nudge the computer industry down a slippery slope; it would send it over a cliff. Bring the government in, and within a few years we'll see no more of the breathtaking price cuts and performance gains that have marked the industry for the past 15 years. Instead, every new computer product will have to jump through the government's hoops—sitting in a lab for years while it's tested for efficiency, safety, and any conceivable side-effects, while companies fill out endless forms to prove they aren't upsetting the delicate balance of government-enforced competition.




The computer revolution will be finished.

THE WEEKLY STANDARD has been trying to pump some life back into a conservative movement that has failed to improve the lives of Americans in any tangible, substantial way. But lacking a consistent, straightforward philosophy, conservative writers and politicians have had to try to devise some kind of noble mission to champion. They have succeeded only in turning conservatism—which once sought to roll back the tyranny of the New Deal—into an embarrassing imitation of liberalism, professing to use the tyranny of government for "good" purposes instead of "bad" ones.

Libertarians, on the other hand, know that government doesn't work. So they side with individual liberty and personal responsibility—not the force of government—on all issues at all times. They know that anything you turn over to the government will be transformed into a political issue to be decided by politicians.

Libertarians know that any social problem can only be made worse by government. They know that if Microsoft does the "wrong" thing, competitors will overcome any market dominance to give consumers a choice, whereas a government referee will always impose a single option that favors whoever has bought the most political influence.

The consistency of libertarianism is one reason it's in the ascendancy today, while Stelzer's conservatism is going the way of liberalism.

HARRY BROWNE
FRANKLIN, TN

While Irwin M. Stelzer justifiably fears monopolies, he unjustifiably concludes that anti-trust statutes are necessary to ensure competition. From its beginnings in the late 1880s, when local butchers agitated against the Chicago meat-packers, to today's actions against Wal-Mart, Toys "R" Us, and Microsoft, anti-trust has overwhelmingly been used to stymie competition.

Abuse of anti-trust law is especially prevalent when the alleged wrongful act benefits consumers today but supposedly harms them tomorrow. So-called "predatory pricing" is the most common sort of wrongful act, whereby today's benefits (low prices) breed tomorrow's ills (monopoly prices). But researchers have never been able to uncover clear evidence of predation. Noted economist William Baumol recently wrote that there is "general consensus among informed observers that genuine cases of predation are very rare birds." Researchers, however, have uncovered copious evidence that firms are all too ready to sue successful rivals for predation. Such suits obstruct competition.

Stelzer worries that Microsoft's practice of giving away its Internet Explorer is predatory. If history is a guide, however, Microsoft's practice is robustly competitive. The real enemies of competition are Microsoft's rivals and their dupes in the Department of Justice who would force Microsoft to



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

make life easier for other software producers.

DONALD J. BOUDREAUX
THE FOUNDATION FOR ECONOMIC EDUCATION, INC.
IRVINGTON-ON-HUDSON, NY

I must take issue with one point in Irwin M. Stelzer's fine article. Stelzer suggests that only Microsoft's competitors deny that the company "achieved its enviable position as the result of its own efficiency and innovative skill." In fact, Microsoft's so-called "better mousetrap" is a joke among the vast majority of computer professionals not affiliated with Microsoft. MS-DOS is widely regarded as a brain-dead operating system. It caught on only because it was the default operating system installed on IBM PCs back when IBM had a monopoly on them.

Once MS-DOS caught on, a phenomenon known as platform dependence took effect. Since everyone had to run MS-DOS on his PC, software developers had to write their software to run on MS-DOS. Then, because all the developers were writing for MS-DOS, everybody with a PC had to run it. Microsoft is an empire built on platform dependence. Until you understand this phenomenon, you are totally ignorant about the war raging in the computing world today.

RUSSELL A. PAIELLI
SAN JOSE, CA

## THE SCHWALIER OUTRAGE

As an active-duty officer with a background in anti-terrorism and special operations, I was appalled by the treatment of Brig. Gen. Terry Schwalier as reported by Matt Labash ("The Scapegoat," Nov. 24). It seems clear that, with only a few exceptions (e.g., Gen. Ronald Fogleman's principled response to the Schwalier episode), senior uniformed leadership is surrendering the high ground to less principled civilian leadership. This is particularly dangerous given the potential long-term harm to our armed forces. In that vein, I am reminded of what S.L.A. Marshall wrote in his 1947 classic, *Men Under Fire*, regarding faith and confidence in our leadership: "[The military] should never be put under the necessity of humoring and yielding irretrievable ground to the inevitable malcontents, or of permitting governing principles to be influenced by voices from the lunatic fringe, even those which have been elected to Congress."

WRAY R. JOHNSON
FREDERICKSBURG, VA

## NATIONAL, BUT NOT FEDERAL

David Brooks is right when he urges conservatives to make education a national "issue." But that doesn't—and shouldn't—translate necessarily into national "policy" ("Education as a National Issue," Dec. 8).

Americans care deeply about education, but the last thing they want is centralized education policy. Federal reforms should consist of tax credits and vouchers replacing existing aid programs.

Beyond that, conservatives should use the bully pulpit to promote systemic, state-based child-centered education reform. That's far more populist and tangible than anything liberals can offer.

President Clinton made school uniforms a viable national issue, but even he didn't graft it onto federal policy. We can go much farther, but only if we remain consistent with our principles of education and freedom.

CLINT BOLICK
INSTITUTE FOR JUSTICE
WASHINGTON, DC

## ANOTHER SUPREME FICTION

I enjoyed Christopher Caldwell's essay on the double life of insurance lawyer and poet Wallace Stevens ("Wallace Stevens, Poet and Insurance Executive," Nov. 24). It surely must confound the academy that Stevens, most cerebral of the aesthetes, "greatest American poet of the twentieth century," was also "dean of surety claims" at the Hartford and maybe even a Catholic (perhaps his deathbed conversion had a prelude, as did his poetic career). However, Caldwell overplays these ironies when he describes surety claims as "one of the driest areas" of the insurance business. Actually, surety often is to other types of insurance as chess is to checkers. Surety involves triangles (principal, surety, and obligee) as opposed to dualities (insurer and insured). As any poet knows, triangles are more interesting. The profession's subject matter is interesting, too. For instance, fidelity bonds insure banks against insider fraud. I hate to spoil the dichotomy Caldwell draws, but the fact that Stevens's day job was not dull actually squares with Caldwell's thesis that Stevens, like the rest of us, transcends any narrow views.

JAMES A. KNOX JR.
CHICAGO, IL

## LIBERTARIAN LESSONS

In her review of William Bennett's book, Noemie Emery makes the unfounded charge that libertarians advocate uncontrolled morals ("For God and Country," Dec. 1). Being a libertarian does not mean that you are a libertine. Libertarians recognize that liberty and morality depend on each other. Character and responsibility develop when people choose to do the right thing rather than being forced to do so. Thus it is the obligation of individuals and groups (including religious groups) to persuade others to be moral. If government could coerce people to be moral, prohibition would have worked wonders. It didn't because a very large segment of the population didn't believe in it. Instead it left a legacy of organized crime and corruption.

J.C. Watts said it best: Character is what you do when no one is looking.

JIM RONGSTAD
WOODBURY, MN

**THE WEEKLY STANDARD**
welcomes letters to the editor.
Letters will be edited for length and clarity and must include the writer's name, address, and phone number.
All letters should be addressed:
**Correspondence Editor**
**THE WEEKLY STANDARD**
1150 17th St., NW
Washington, DC 20036.
You may also fax letters: (202) 293-4901.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Casual

## Confessions of a Bow-tie Devotee

A bow tie, you might think, is actually nothing more than a simple piece of cloth. But don't be fooled. It's a piece of cloth the way Old Glory is: with the power to stir passions. Bow ties—take it from me—inspire love or hate.

We who wear them are a nation unto ourselves, with a devotion to the bow that no outsider can plumb. I discovered as much after my conversion, when I spoke with my college friend Neil.

His disappointment was sore. His warning was blunt. Our friendship—nurtured once amid the bric-a-brac of Filene's Basement, where we suffered shoppers' shell shock in pursuit of ties to wear at job interviews—was being tested.

Back then, we had found some fairly good-looking ties, and we had both gotten jobs, he on the West Coast, I on the East. Now he felt stung, betrayed.

"You wear bow ties? How could you?" he cried. "That would never go over in LA. You'd be a pariah." My fashion sense had lapsed, he claimed, and with it all chance of future success.

Neil tried to enlighten me. Except in a few select cities, he explained, bow ties are shunned, and on the West Coast they scarcely exist. They conjure up images of smoky men's clubs and owlish antiquarians, of something faintly dainty that runs counter to the "California spirit." But I would not be moved.

The simple fact is, Neil's warnings came too late. I was not just unrepentant but deeply at peace, and I attribute this largely to a chance encounter that surprised me in the act of buying my first bow tie.

There I was, seeking sartorial redemption, when she appeared: a woman friend from school. Here was sympathy, I thought. *She*, female and fastidious, would understand.

I explained to her the slob's predicament. Toothpaste, splattered ink, and various foodstuffs all were attracted to my ties. In the '60s, ties were narrower and made smaller targets, but skinny ties no longer were an option. Surely, I argued, the embarrassment of stains exceeds the stigma of the bow.

She required no convincing, and I was soothed.

She reminded me that much depends on the wearer, whose confidence will silence any tease. Never fear, she said, his blushing may be mistaken for a ruddy tan. She added that bow ties are the most maligned of apparel and need defenders—stout souls to ride the bowsprit for bow-tie wearers everywhere. *I* should defend them, she said. I should defend them in print.

Now, although I know that their detractors will never be silenced, I shall wield my pen. Let me, as a small corrective, count a few of the benefits bestowed by the bow.

With a bow tie, form and function merge. It's simple without being mean—the very definition of elegance. Yet it is also practical and cheap. Were the world a saner place, the bow tie would naturally prevail in an era of miniaturization and financial cutbacks. Owing to its small size and low cost, the gentleman can always carry a spare and look formal in a pinch.

Mere utility, however, is the least of its virtues. All that is beautiful, says Socrates, is difficult, and like many a wearer, I have suffered for my ties. Don't imagine I'll soon forget the trauma of attempting to tie one for the first time.

The novice balks at learning this new rope trick; the clumsiness that has dogged him for life concentrates in his fingertips. Nowhere more than here, he resembles a child. His frustration mounts. His motivation flags. His hands, as if grasping the strings of a bib, pull up lame. This tying operation, with its tucks and folds, is like making up a bed around one's neck.

Yet there's no evading it, and in the end, it is settling for a tangled knot that liberates the wearer. He retires his ordinary neckties to the back of the closet, unperturbed by the knowledge that the world is on their side. Through perseverance, he finds the bliss that comes from mastering the knot.

For all its difficulties, the bow tie rewards its acolytes. It yields delights entirely lost on the world and elevates the pain it imposes to something like pleasure.

Eyeing fellow wearers in the street, the devotee nods and smiles. Like them, he has endured; like him, they have braved the loss of dear friends. Allies in a cause, fellow outcasts all, they have traveled together where necktie-wearers never go.

**Christopher Stump**



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the weekly Standard

# THE CLINTON LOOPHOLE

Section 607 of the U.S. criminal code makes it a felony to "solicit or receive any contribution" for purposes of a federal election campaign "in any room or building occupied in the discharge of official duties." This provision applies to any "officer or employee of the United States or any department or agency thereof." Among these officers and employees, according to a 1979 memorandum by the Justice Department's Office of Legal Counsel, are the president and vice president of the United States.

There is specific and credible evidence that President Clinton has violated the spirit and traditional understanding of Section 607. There is specific and credible evidence that Vice President Gore has violated the plain letter of Section 607. Apparent criminal violations by the president and vice president may not be conclusively investigated and prosecuted by the Justice Department. They must be dealt with, instead, by an independent counsel, whose appointment must be requested from the U.S. Court of Appeals for the District of Columbia by the attorney general of the United States. The attorney general has no discretion about this. It is mandatory.

But Janet Reno has declined to comply with the independent-counsel statute. In the process, she has eviscerated the impartiality of her office and rendered law-enforcement policy in her department a shambles. This is a big problem. The problem is particularly acute since there seems little that anyone can do about it for the next three, long years—until November 2000, when voters will finally get a chance to choose a better president and, by extension, a better attorney general.

In court papers filed December 2, our current attorney general reports that President Clinton placed "a series of fund-raising solicitation calls" from the White House on October 18, 1994. All the calls originated from the president's third-floor study in the mansion's residential quarters. This part of the White House is not intended for the "discharge of official duties." So here, at least, there is no question of a Section 607 violation. And Janet Reno claims there is "no evidence that the president placed calls from the White House soliciting contributions on any other occasion."

Three pages later, however, she extensively describes two such occasions. During the first, in late October 1995, the president phoned organizers of a forthcoming fund-raising gala in New York City and urged them "to raise as much money as possible." Clinton made this call from the Oval Office, where "discharge of official duties" is undeniably routine. But he did not break the law, Reno concludes, because what he did does not meet the definition of "solicit." The legal authority she cites, honest to God, is the 1977 edition of *Webster's New Collegiate Dictionary*.

In late January 1996, Reno also acknowledges, the president phoned an unnamed individual hoping to "clinch" a promised $100,000 donation to the Democratic National Committee. This time, too, the call was "probably" placed in the Oval Office. And it worked; the check came through. But this wasn't illegal, either, the attorney general argues. Any such large-dollar contribution goes to a national party's general, "soft-money" reserves. Section 607 can be read to forbid only solicitation on government property of "hard-money" contributions to election campaigns in amounts of $1,000 or less. Read this way, to be sure, the law is insane: Fifty-dollar contributions are verboten; $50,000 contributions are fine. Which is why, until recently, no one *did* read the law this way. And no one imagined—let alone officially asserted—that telephone practices like those Janet Reno says Bill Clinton employed are okay.

For most of this year, this novel interpretation of Section 607—call it the "Clinton loophole"—has been Al Gore's sole defense of his own, much more extensive history of White House dollar-dialing. While sitting at his official West Wing desk, Gore phoned a bunch of people, more than 40, over a period of seven months in 1995 and 1996. Not to worry, we were advised; they were soft-money transactions,



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

each of them. But they weren't, the *Washington Post* then revealed in early September. A number of Gore's calls, the paper reported, generated a total of more than $120,000 for the DNC's hard-money bank account.

Whereupon the vice president's private lawyers immediately rushed to contact everyone Gore had ever talked to about campaign contributions and helped the donors nail down a friendly, uniform story. And only *after* these coaching sessions did Janet Reno's crack investigators get around to interviewing any witnesses.

Reno now announces herself impressed with the "consistency of the investigative results" obtained from these interviews. No one the FBI spoke to remembers the vice president's asking for a hard-money donation. The Justice Department is unable to find any evidence that Gore knew the DNC would deposit the cash in hard-money accounts. Even if he had known, Reno concludes, Gore couldn't be prosecuted for it. Because, she contends, he was never "specifically aware of the prohibitions of Section 607," and he was never "warned that his conduct would be in potential violation of that or any other statute."

This is an incomprehensible judgment—willfully obtuse. Nowhere in Reno's 29-page report to the court does she mention two (one would think) thoroughly dispositive pieces of very damning evidence. First, there is Al Gore's fund-raising record as a former member of Congress. In those days, *Newsweek* reported in mid-October, Al Gore *never* made donor calls from his Capitol office; he always used the phone in a nearby private apartment rented for that purpose. "By law and custom, Gore knew, you didn't dial for dollars from your Senate office." *Of course* the vice president was "specifically aware of the prohibitions of Section 607." Everybody in federal elective office is aware of them.

Next, there is the extensive, nationally televised testimony of the vice president himself. All anyone remembers about Gore's infamous March 3, 1997, press conference is the phrase "no controlling legal authority." He said a lot of other things, though, too, and he said them on the spot—before his legal advisers had perfected their spin. He described, in great detail, exactly what he'd done during his fund-raising calls, and toward what goal.

"First of all, to state the obvious," Gore began, "I was a candidate for reelection in the campaign." Using his office phone, the vice president acknowledged, he "asked people to contribute to our reelection campaign." Not to the DNC's soft-money bank account, but to *our reelection campaign*—that is, with hard money. "I don't think it is surprising to people," Gore smirked in March, "that when a president and vice president are running for reelection, that the vice president helps to raise funds for the campaign."

No, it isn't surprising at all. But when it's done on federal property, it's patently illegal.

THE WEEKLY STANDARD holds no brief for the independent-counsel statute. That law raises serious constitutional questions. In the hands of an unscrupulous, politically motivated prosecutor, like Lawrence Walsh, it has proved itself susceptible to frightening abuse. And in the hands of an attorney general confused to the point of dishonesty, like Janet Reno, it has lately done something even its worst critics never anticipated. It has immunized from criminal liability precisely those high-ranking public officials it was designed to bring to justice. The independent-counsel statute should be repealed.

But alas, because the Clinton administration and a then-Democratic Congress insisted on its reauthorization in 1994, the independent-counsel statute remains the law. And while it remains the law, it must be obeyed. When it is not obeyed, as has now become unmistakably clear, the orderly administration of justice in the federal government is destroyed.

Don't take our word for it. In the immediate aftermath of Janet Reno's refusal to invoke the independent-counsel statute, high Justice Department officials cannot even agree among themselves what aspect of 1996 campaign fund-raising they are still investigating. During testimony before a House oversight committee just last week, FBI director Louis Freeh insisted that the Clinton and Gore phone solicitations remained "fully open" as "part of the inquiry." At the very same hearing, Janet Reno expressed a just as vehement, though diametrically opposite, view of law-enforcement reality. "That matter has ended," she said. "You cannot investigate" the president or vice president for something the attorney general has already determined does not require an independent counsel. Of course, if "new information is developed," she added, things might change. Where exactly such information might come from—since no one is any longer allowed to look for it—she could not and did not explain.

This is lunacy, all of it. When Janet Reno's testimony ended, Rep. Tom Lantos of California thanked her "on behalf of the Democrats on this committee" and "on behalf of the American people" for "another exemplary performance as an outstanding public figure."

No, Rep. Lantos, not on behalf of the American people. Surely not.

*—David Tell, for the Editors*



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Larry, We Hardly Knew Ye

**by Tucker Carlson**

Now that his reputation has been destroyed, his remains dug up from Arlington National Cemetery and returned to San Diego, it's easy to forget the impressive audacity with which M. Larry Lawrence told lies. Below is an unexpurgated example of Lawrence in action. It comes from a 1993 Senate Foreign Relations Committee hearing in which Lawrence regaled Sen. Harlan Matthews about his wartime exploits in the U.S. Merchant Marine. Keep in mind that the future ambassador to Switzerland spoke these words—every one of them untrue—with a straight face into a microphone:

> I was 18 years old and I was on board the SS *Horace Bushnell* in a convoy to Murmansk, which was an all-volunteer run known as the "Suicide Mission." We were torpedoed 15 miles off Murmansk. I was just coming out of the hole, and everybody down below was killed. I was thrown clear. I am told—I have no memory of what happened—that thereafter I suffered a serious concussion and was taken in a coma, subsequently, after going in the water, to Murmansk, then Scotland, and back to New York and home. It is something I do not particularly relish remembering for the record, Senator. You know. You were there. I told them to mail me the medal, but my wife insisted that we have the ceremony.

Silence fell on the hearing room as Lawrence revealed the purpose of the suicide mission. "We were delivering food and ammunition," he explained. "That, of course, is what caused the main explosion, as the torpedo struck the ammunition."

Several senators were clearly impressed. Yet even this wasn't the whole story. Ever the bashful man of valor, Lawrence had left out his own glorious role, the part about how, while floating gravely wounded in ice-encrusted Arctic waters, he had ignored his injuries to save the lives of fellow sailors. Sen. Dianne Feinstein, reading from a crib sheet Lawrence himself had helped prepare, filled in the blanks. "He was able to rescue others," she said. "He was deemed a hero."

Four years later, with Lawrence's hoax exposed, President Clinton has asked the State Department to determine how such a whopper could have slipped through the ambassador's background check. There has been no official answer yet, though several anonymous State Department employees have offered explanations. As one official told the *Washington Post*, "Because we were able to go to friends, business associates, an array of people who gave us a glowing recommendation, it mitigated against having to go back and chase ghost records of Merchant Marine service." There was no reason to check the war story, the official explained, because an extensive investigation into Lawrence's past had yielded no "derogatory information."

It's not clear which "array of people" State Department investigators spoke to about Lawrence (who, just for starters, had more than two dozen cases pending against him in federal tax court at the time he was nominated). It *is* clear they didn't talk to many people in San Diego, where Lawrence lived and did business. Soon after the Merchant Marine story broke, the *San Diego Union-Tribune* sent two reporters to get reaction from people who knew Lawrence well. The reporters returned a few hours later with more derogatory information about Larry Lawrence than State Department sleuths had managed to gather in months.

"I wouldn't take his word for anything," a longtime senior vice president of Lawrence's Hotel Del Coronado told the newspaper. "He had a terrible, terrible case of vanity," said one of his pallbearers. According to Lucy Goldman, described as a close friend and former neighbor, Lawrence had a habit of dropping "little bombshells" during conversation. "I remember once we went to a rodeo together," Goldman recalled, "and Larry was sitting next to me and said, 'Do you know I used to do this in Arizona?'" According to Goldman, Lawrence also claimed that he once played professional football. But State Department investigators probably already knew about the nominee's career in the NFL; Lawrence had told the same thing to *Forbes* magazine the year before his confirmation hearing.

You don't have to dig deep to find evidence of Larry Lawrence's compulsive story-telling. None of the investigators assigned to Lawrence's background check, for instance, ever called Barry Soper, a San Diego businessman who knew Lawrence for more than two decades. A number of years ago, Soper managed the campaign of a Democratic state-assembly candidate whom Lawrence supported. "One day," Soper says, "we went over to the Hotel Del Coronado because Larry had raised some money for us. We get there and he has a briefcase of money. He made me count it. I think it was $5,000. He said, 'Have you ever seen so much money?'" At one point, Soper recalls, the conversation turned to the legal profession. "Larry said, 'Yeah, I went to the Univer-



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sity of Chicago for law.' As we were leaving, I thought, 'I don't think that's true. Something tells me this guy's not a lawyer. He doesn't talk like a lawyer, he doesn't act like a lawyer. He acts like a hotel person.'"

A hotel person, it turns out, who went to Wilbur Wright Junior College in Chicago, and not for law. Soper didn't know this until Lawrence's corrected biography was published in the newspaper, though he was aware that Lawrence claimed to be a World War II veteran. Soper says he remembers telling Lawrence how an eye injury had kept him out of the military during Vietnam. "I told him how I was rejected during my physical," says Soper. "And Larry said, 'Well, *I* was proud to serve.'"

The Clinton administration has denied from the beginning that Lawrence's duplicity was overlooked because of his friendship with the president, or because of his enormous contributions to the Democratic party. Yet it's hard to believe that anyone, much less a trained investigator, could have read Larry Lawrence's résumé without questioning the credibility of the man who wrote it. Nor is it clear that anyone in the federal government ever bothered to check Lawrence's self-described credentials. A call to the American Merchant Marine Veterans Association, for example, one of the dozens of groups listed on his résumé, would have established that the association had no record of an M. Larry Lawrence.

And didn't anyone at the State Department wonder about Lawrence's claim that he, a San Diego hotel owner, had been the "Vice Chair" of the "Nobel Peace Prize Nominating Commission"? It wouldn't have taken long to discover that Lawrence's "nominating commission" was in fact a self-appointed group of 15 San Diegans with no connection whatever to the Oslo-based organization of a similar name.

But if Lawrence's bogus résumé slipped by unnoticed, the nominee himself did not. In an unusual move, half the members of the Democrat-controlled Senate Foreign Relations Committee (including Democrats Daniel Patrick Moynihan and Paul Sarbanes) voted against Lawrence's confirmation, and his nomination floated in limbo before being sent to the full Senate. As Lawrence waited to become a real ambassador, Clinton allowed him to pretend he had already been confirmed, giving his friend temporary space at the State Department, complete with a secretary who answered the phone, "Ambassador Lawrence's office."

In early 1994, Lawrence finally was confirmed and sworn in as ambassador to Switzerland by Al Gore. Participating in the ceremony was Lawrence's fourth wife, Shelia Davis Lawrence, a 32-year-old former casino security guard he married in 1990. Gore swore in Shelia Lawrence, too, as the administration's special representative to the World Conservation Union, a United Nations environmental body conveniently located in Bern. At the time she was sworn in as the American envoy to the WCU, an organization dedicated to reducing global "levels of consumption and waste," Mrs. Lawrence was living in a house with 21 bathrooms.

Not surprisingly, Shelia Lawrence dropped from the international environmental scene soon after her husband's death. She did, however, remain personally close to President Clinton, who has since been her golfing partner and overnight guest at the Hotel Del Coronado. Apparently Mrs. Lawrence also continued to learn the ways of Washington. Within days of the first critical stories about her husband's burial at Arlington, Lawrence hired former White House press secretary Jody Powell to manage her media exposure. It turned out to be an inspired choice.

Powell immediately took aggressive steps to spin coverage of the story. When Arianna Huffington wrote a column that called into question portions of Mrs. Lawrence's résumé, Powell phoned the head of Huffington's newspaper syndicate to complain. (Powell later acknowledged that he had never seen Shelia Lawrence's résumé and was not sure that what Huffington had written was wrong.) Meanwhile, all press calls to Mrs. Lawrence were forwarded to Powell's public-relations firm, Powell Tate.

Flacks at Powell Tate assured reporters that, contrary to several published reports, the White House had "absolutely" no involvement in Shelia Lawrence's decision to have her husband disinterred—and moreover, that it would be unseemly, even ghoulish, to imply otherwise. When Lawrence finally was dug up (an event whose timing had been kept secret so it could not be filmed), Powell Tate vice president John Gibbons declared it "unfortunate" that the Associated Press even wrote a story about it. "We were hoping that the media would respect their privacy," Gibbons said, adding that the disinterment had been personally wrenching for him as well. "Just watching what she has had to go through," he said, "it's been emotional for everyone."

Gibbons later admitted that he never met Larry Lawrence, or Lawrence's bereaved widow, for that matter. But lack of actual contact with the couple, he explained, hasn't diminished the devastating impact of the experience. Gibbons even sounded genuinely sad. It was a performance M. Larry Lawrence himself would have admired.

*Tucker Carlson is a staff writer for* THE WEEKLY STANDARD.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# THE EDUCRATS TAKE ON DENVER

**by Vincent Carroll**

SEVENTEEN YEARS AFTER Ronald Reagan pledged to abolish the Department of Education, few Republicans in Congress will even discuss that goal, let alone pursue it. Perhaps they have lost sight of how some education bureaucrats spend their time when unconstrained by fear of political reprisal.

Consider, for example, the recent behavior of the Education Department's Office for Civil Rights toward the school district in Denver. At a moment when Denver is taking bold risks to boost academic achievement—including mandatory summer school for poor readers and a revamped program for thousands of students who don't speak English—the Office for Civil Rights has asked the Justice Department to mire the district in a destructive legal battle.

The district's offense? Its proposed reform for bilingual education does not match in every detail the canon preferred by federal officials. And because the district's democratically elected board—including one black and one Hispanic member—unanimously disagrees with the federal prescription, it has been accused of discriminating against students on the basis of their national origin.

**TO THE OFFICE FOR CIVIL RIGHTS, THE COMMON-SENSE REFORM PROPOSED BY DENVER'S SCHOOLS SMACKS OF THE SPIRIT OF ORVAL FAUBUS.**

No one disputes the state of the bilingual program that Denver intends to retool. It is a failure, at least to the limited extent anyone has bothered to measure its results over the years. Even the district acknowledges that during one recent two-year period, "40 percent of students tested made no progress on a test of oral English proficiency." With more than 20 percent of Denver's students speaking a language other than English, this abysmal performance qualifies as a civic scandal.

Not that the district has any intention of doing away altogether with bilingual instruction, wise as that might be. Under a 1984 consent decree imposed by U.S. judge Richard Matsch (now of Oklahoma City bombing-trial fame), the district probably could not dump bilingual instruction if it wanted to. Not only did Matsch require elaborate English-acquisition programs, he was positively disdainful of the district's desire to mainstream immigrant students sooner rather than later. "The fortunate few," he dubbed those children in full-blown bilingual programs, while lecturing Denver officials on the nature of democracy.

To this day, wholesale revisions to Denver's bilingual program must pass muster with Matsch, so the district has little choice but to make the best of a dubious educational model. And that is precisely what it has sought to do. Under the district's new bilingual plan, Spanish-speaking students would still be taught core subjects in their native tongue. But they would move into "sheltered English" or mainstream classes in three years or less, rather than at the more stately pace common today. Students not able to make the transition on time would receive special attention in an effort to spur their progress.

In addition, Denver would give parents a greater say in where their children are placed and abandon the rigid practice of retaining students in special programs solely because they score below the cutoff on a standardized test. This last rule, originally imposed by Matsch, ignores the fact that thousands of Denver students who speak nothing but English also score badly on the tests.

To the Office for Civil Rights, such common-sense reform smacks of the spirit of Orval Faubus. Not only does the agency oppose virtually every initiative to streamline the bilingual program and nudge students into regular classes on a reasonable schedule, it demands the adoption of policies that would expand the program and quite possibly retard students' already glacial progress.

To appreciate the agency's radical stance, one need only review a broadside sent last July from the agency's Lillian Gutierrez to superintendent Irv Moskowitz. In her letter, Gutierrez asserts, "Determining that a national-origin language-minority student speaks only English, or speaks English most of the time, is not equivalent to determining that the student is proficient in the language skills required to participate meaningfully in an English-only academic environment." In other words, the fact that a student speaks *only* English shouldn't exclude him from a program meant for students who don't speak English; the district is expected to test and in many cases provide special assistance for students simply because they hail from a home in which someone speaks a foreign language.

Gutierrez's letter continues in this expansive vein. She scorns parental choice, demanding special services even for students whose parents reject bilingual and



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"English as a Second Language" programs in favor of mainstream classes. She insists that the district "remedy academic deficits that may have occurred in other subjects while the student was focusing on learning English"—meaning that students who emerge a step or two behind some of their mainstream counterparts after spending four or five years "learning English" must continue to receive special help, even if other equally low-scoring students do not. She demands that all parents receive school notices "in a language and mode of communication appropriate to their language needs," though Denver is home to immigrants who speak an astonishing array of languages. Student notices must be translated, too. Indeed, Gutierrez pointedly complains that "a schedule of upcoming visits by college representatives, and application deadlines for various scholarship funds" appeared in English only—although how students who can't even read such basic announcements in English could get into a college, let alone obtain a scholarship, is never explained.

Given the agency's roll call of specifications, you might conclude that a specific form of English-language instruction is mandated by federal law. It isn't. Schools are obliged to offer children special language programs, but the idea that the Office for Civil Rights has designed the optimal method to achieve that goal hardly withstands scrutiny.

For that matter, when the National Academy of Sciences' National Research Council recently reviewed the huge body of studies of bilingual education, it concluded, "We do not yet know whether there will be long-term advantages or disadvantages to initial literacy instruction in the primary language versus English, given a very high-quality program of known effectiveness in both cases." That is the council's polite way of admitting that research fails to confirm any superiority of bilingual education, though it is extremely costly to provide. To the extent the studies show anything, it is that students in other English-acquisition programs, or even in no special program at all, regularly equal or exceed the progress of their counterparts in bilingual classes.

Such awkward facts may not yet register with the canonists in the Office for Civil Rights, but they are being noticed, increasingly, by others. In November, 86 percent of voters in the Orange County, California, school district endorsed that school board's plan to dump bilingual education and replace it with "English immersion." And next year, the entire state of California may vote on whether to eliminate bilingual programs. With the Office for Civil Rights actively alienating former friends in cities like Denver, bilingual education could be more vulnerable everywhere than even its most ardent opponents once dared to hope.

*Vincent Carroll is editorial-page editor of the* **Rocky Mountain News.**

# Another Ike to Like

**by Matthew Rees**

For 20 years now, Rep. Ike Skelton of Missouri has been a solidly conservative, even hawkish, voice on military and security affairs. He has supported aid to the contras, the Gulf War resolution, and the B-2 bomber. He has opposed cuts in defense spending, quotas aimed at increasing the number of women in combat, and President Clinton's move to open the military to homosexuals. Among Republicans, of course, these views are practically *de rigueur.* But Skelton is a Democrat. And with Rep. Ron Dellums's announcement last month that he will leave the House in February, Skelton is slated to become the top Democrat on the influential House National Security Committee.

The difference between Skelton and Dellums could not be more stark. Since entering Congress in 1971, Dellums has regularly been to the left of every other House member on national-security issues. During the Cold War, he sought massive cutbacks in defense spending and stood against just about every new weapons program, including the MX, the Pershing II, the Midgetman, the B-1, and the B-2. The best that Republicans can say of Dellums is that he has been an outspoken critic of the Clinton administration's deregulation of export controls and that, during his two years as committee chairman and three years as ranking minority member, he has not resorted to obstructionist tactics.

Skelton's outlook, by contrast, is captured in one of his favorite quotations from Harry Truman: "We must be prepared to pay the price for peace, or assuredly we will pay the price of war." From this flows Skelton's belief that the United States should take an active role in promoting peace and security around the world. "No one else," he said in a speech earlier this year, "is capable either of preventing conflict from arising in the first place, or of responding decisively if a major threat to peace does occur."



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Skelton, unsurprisingly, is a vigorous proponent of greater defense spending. In February 1995, he introduced an alternative budget that called for spending $45 billion more on defense than the Clinton administration was recommending over a five-year period. "We have reduced our military too far and too fast," he remarked at the time. "If we continue, by the end of the decade we won't have the military power to shape a peaceful and prosperous world."

While many Democrats worry that a beefed-up military will produce more Vietnams, Skelton worries that a reduced U.S. capacity will be unable to deter such wars. He cites history in support of his argument, saying he can't decide whether the current era is more like 1903, following the Spanish-American War, or 1923, following World War I. In each case, notes Skelton, Congress thought it safe to slash defense spending, and war ensued about 15 years later. He warns that "we are well on our way to repeating the same mistake."

Kent Lemon

**Ike Skelton**

Skelton doesn't shrink from supporting the deployment of American troops if he feels there's a just cause, as in the Gulf War, but he's bitterly opposed to having them engage in peacekeeping. Two years ago, when Congress was debating whether to deploy American troops to Bosnia, Skelton said, "I think it is insanity to simultaneously try to keep the peace and arm the Muslims." He was also critical of the Clinton administration's 1993 decision to place American soldiers under a U.N. peacekeeping command in Macedonia. There's a contradiction, he says, between being a soldier and being a peacekeeper, and asking troops to act as both guarantees that they will do neither task effectively.

Skelton's conservatism, along with his institutional memory, should serve him well on a committee now controlled by hawks of both parties. (He enjoys particularly close relations with the Republican chairman, Floyd Spence of South Carolina.) But his real influence stems from his encyclopedic knowledge of defense issues and military personnel. He has overseen a significant upgrade in the quality of education at war colleges, and he drafted much of a landmark 1986 law reorganizing the senior Pentagon staff.

As a result of all this, Skelton commands greater respect from military officials than just about anyone else in Congress. A former Skelton staffer notes that when the congressman travels overseas, he's given red-carpet treatment at U.S. military bases. Charles Boyd, a retired four-star general in the Air Force, says Skelton is "one of the few people in Congress who thinks in a long-term strategic way about uses of American military power." Boyd adds that Skelton's interest in military issues is underscored by his penchant for bringing military officials together for informal gatherings, often for the sole purpose of introducing people he thinks should know one another.

Most important about Skelton's ascendancy may be the standing he will have with the Clinton administration. As the National Security Committee's senior Democrat, he will be hard for Clinton officials to ignore. And his influence will be bolstered by his relationship with defense secretary William Cohen, with whom he worked to pass the 1986 defense reorganization.

Skelton, though, has repeatedly shown he won't support the administration simply out of party loyalty. Indeed, he likes to tell a story about Gen. Douglas MacArthur, who while army chief of staff in the late 1930s pressed Franklin Roosevelt for increased defense spending. FDR responded with disdain, prompting MacArthur to tell the president—according to the general's memoirs—"When we lose the next war, and an American boy, lying in the mud with an enemy bayonet through his belly and an enemy foot on his dying throat, spits out his last curse, I want the name not to be MacArthur but Roosevelt."

MacArthur caught hell from the president for this impertinence, but Skelton takes the lesson to heart: "I hope that this Congress will not require an appeal like MacArthur's to remember the lessons of the past—that the price of unpreparedness is paid in war. The price of peace is much less."

*Matthew Rees is a staff writer for* THE WEEKLY STANDARD.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# BAUER POWER

## *Washington's Most Formidable Conservative*

**By Fred Barnes**

On December 9, Gary Bauer was a guest at Hickory Hill, the Virginia estate of Robert Kennedy's widow Ethel. The occasion was a dinner for Wei Jingsheng, the dissident recently freed from prison in China. The other guests were mostly Kennedys—including Democratic lieutenant governor Kathleen Kennedy Townsend of Maryland and Kerry Kennedy Cuomo, wife of housing secretary Andrew Cuomo—and members of liberal human rights groups. Bauer, the arch-conservative, was the odd man out. Yet he was treated respectfully as a key player in the fight for human rights in China.

Bauer once would have been surprised to find himself treated so well in such company. But a few weeks earlier, he had appeared with actor Richard Gere at a rally across the street from the White House to protest the official visit of Chinese president Jiang Zemin. When Bauer approached Gere on the podium and tapped him on the shoulder, the actor swung around and greeted him enthusiastically: "Gary, my main man!" That night, they had dinner together.

A few months before, in the runup to the vote in Congress on renewing most-favored-nation trade status with China, Bauer made still more strange, new friends. He held a joint press conference with Rep. Nancy Pelosi, a liberal Democrat from California, and Jeff Fiedler of the AFL-CIO. He strategized by phone with House Democratic leader Dick Gephardt on how to defeat MFN (they lost). Weeks later in the cloakroom just off the House floor, Bauer was talking to Rep. Charles Canady, a Republican from Florida, about overriding President Clinton's veto of a ban on partial-birth abortion, when Gephardt walked in. Spotting Bauer, he rushed past a cluster of Democrats to chat with him. Canady stood awkwardly by.

*Fred Barnes is executive editor of* THE WEEKLY STANDARD.

Gary Bauer, president of the Family Research Council, is not lurching to the left. Nor is FRC—the think tank and lobbying organization that operates out of a new, six-story building in downtown Washington—abandoning its agenda of social conservatism. But Bauer, 51, has added fresh issues (China, Social Security, taxes) to that agenda, embraced new allies, and transformed himself into the most influential social conservative in Washington—and perhaps in America. This has not endeared him to all conservative leaders, especially not to those preparing to seek the Republican presidential nomination in 2000. Hearing rumors Bauer himself might run for president, former vice president Dan Quayle invited him to New York on December 2 and spent more than two hours explaining why he shouldn't enter the race. (Bauer declined to talk about his conversation with Quayle.) Earlier, Bay Buchanan, who managed her brother Pat's presidential campaigns in 1988 and 1992, called on Bauer to warn him conservatives were Pat's constituency, not Gary's.

**GARY BAUER'S NEW CLOUT HAS NOT ENDEARED HIM TO ALL CONSERVATIVES—ESPECIALLY NOT TO THOSE RUNNING FOR PRESIDENT.**

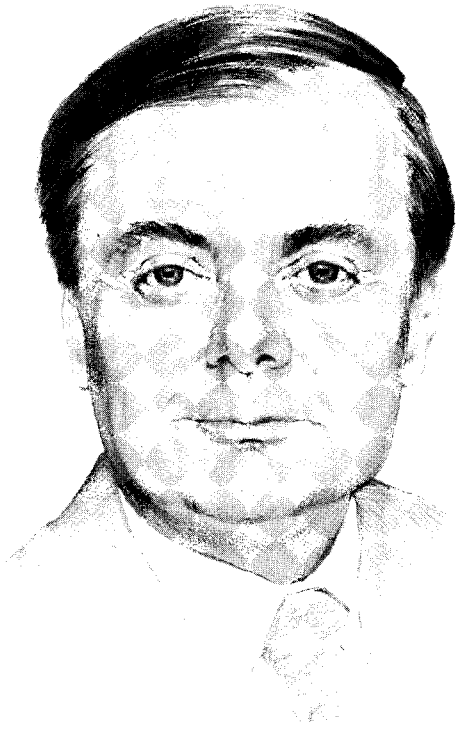
No one is more apprehensive over Bauer's rise than economic conservatives, notably libertarians. Bauer first broke with them when he denounced schemes to privatize Social Security in an op-ed in the *New York Times* in January 1997. That prompted a visit from Grover Norquist and Peter Ferrera of Americans for Tax Reform. But they failed to assuage Bauer's concern that Social Security privatization would hurt families with stay-at-home moms. Then, Bauer bucked the Washington conservative establishment and the business community by mounting a combative campaign to block MFN for China. Next, Bauer plans to reject the flat taxes proposed by House majority leader Dick Armey and Steve Forbes and the national sales tax favored by Bill Archer, chairman of the House Ways and Means Committee. Instead, he will promote a "family-friendly flat tax" that would tax workers'



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

income no more heavily than income from investments in property.

Bauer increasingly strikes fear in the hearts of Republican leaders. When word leaked to *Roll Call* last October that Armey had whined about Bauer at a private meeting in Texas, Armey sheepishly phoned Bauer to apologize. Bauer says his relationships with Armey and House whip Tom DeLay are fine. House speaker Newt Gingrich is another story. Bauer blames him, along with other Republicans and business lobbyists, for trying to water down the $500-per-child tax credit and expand business-tax breaks in last summer's budget deal. At one point, a lobbyist Bauer knew dropped by his office to gauge his reaction. Republicans, the lobbyist said, were afraid Bauer might create a firestorm, but he'd assured them Bauer is a team player who understands the need for compromise. "You're wrong and they're right," Bauer responded. "I'll make their life miserable if they water this down." They didn't.



Chas Fagan

Gingrich also clashed with Bauer at a testy private meeting on MFN. Since then, Bauer has relentlessly gigged Gingrich on China. Mentioning the speaker by name, Bauer declared in a National Press Club speech on October 27: "I cannot understand why the leaders of my party, the party of Lincoln and Reagan, are silent" in the face of human rights "outrages" by China. Bauer and Gingrich will battle again in a special open primary for a House seat in Santa Barbara, California, on January 13. Soon after Democratic congressman Walter Capps died in October, Gingrich anointed moderate state legislator Brooks Firestone as the GOP favorite. In defiance, Bauer has allocated $100,000 for TV ads attacking Firestone for voting against a state ban on partial-birth abortion. Bauer's PAC, the Campaign for Working Families, is backing conservative Tom Bordonaro.

Until the summer of 1996, Bauer was neither a major factor in Republican policy calculations nor a heavyweight in Washington. True, he'd built the Family Research Council into a force for marketing conservative positions on social issues and keeping them on the national agenda. When Bauer took over the FRC in 1989, it had seven employees, a mailing list of 3,000, and a $200,000 budget. Now, it has 90 employees, 455,000 members, and a $14 million annual budget. Bauer also sends a daily fax to 7,000 people and delivers a brief radio message on about 300 Christian stations. One of his faxes prompted a California man to get a "paycheck protection" referendum on the state ballot next June to limit use of union dues in political campaigns. And last year, the wealthy DeVos and Prince families in Michigan financed the new FRC headquarters across from the National Museum of American Art. Still, Bauer was only a face in the crowd of conservative activists in Washington, and overshadowed among social conservatives by Ralph Reed, then executive director of the Christian Coalition.

Then Bauer took on Bob Dole. Well before the 1996 Republican national convention in San Diego, Bauer and other conservatives had obtained Dole's pledge not to single out abortion as the platform issue that would illustrate the GOP's tolerance of dissenting views. Instead, tolerance language would apply to the whole platform: It would be written into the preamble, not the abortion plank. But Dole soon flip-flopped, and Bauer accused him of breaking his word. Responding angrily, Dole said: "I don't know where Gary Bauer's been all his life, but I've always known we have had pro-choice Republicans and pro-life Republicans. . . . If he's not tolerant, he ought to say so. I happen to be tolerant." Maybe so, but Dole was forced to knuckle under when the platform committee convened in San Diego. Bauer, in alliance with Reed, Bay Buchanan, and Phyllis Schlafly, prevailed on abortion and every other issue.

Bauer's new prominence in the platform deliberations made him a celebrity. But it took two developments in 1997 to give him real clout in Washington



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and see him emerge as a national political figure. The first was Reed's decision to quit the Christian Coalition, move home to Georgia, and become a political consultant. Reed had played John F. Kennedy to Bauer's Richard Nixon. Reed is witty, charming, telegenic, and eager to be liked. Bauer, from a working-class background in unfashionable Newport, Kentucky, is disciplined and aggressive, and more inclined to win an argument than woo an audience. "Ralph would try to prevent a confrontation with the Republican leadership," says another conservative activist. "Gary welcomes it. And you never saw Ralph seeking out homosexual issues, as Gary does. Gary doesn't mind having the edge. Ralph doesn't want the edge."

As conservative leaders, they have set drastically different goals. Reed wanted social and religious conservatives to be part of a broader movement under Republican control. Though he once worked for the Republican National Committee, Bauer is bent on creating a broad coalition that includes Democrats and promotes conservative social values. He's hired two political strategists, Jeffrey Bell and Frank Cannon, to help him. Bell worked for Reagan in 1976 and 1980 and with Cannon for Jack Kemp in 1988. But in 1996, both were ready to jettison their GOP ties to manage a bid for the Democratic presidential nomination by former Pennsylvania governor Bob Casey, an economic liberal but social conservative. (For health reasons, Casey decided not to challenge President Clinton.)

**RALPH REED'S DEPARTURE AND THE CHINA ISSUE AREN'T THE ONLY REASONS BAUER HAS EMERGED AS A MAN TO BE RECKONED WITH.**

With Reed gone and his successors at the Christian Coalition, Don Hodel and Randy Tate, unable to match his sway, Bauer is the number-one social conservative. Instantly, that raises his visibility on TV. "When *Crossfire* or any other show is looking for a social conservative, it's Gary," says a conservative lobbyist.

It was the second development of 1997—Bauer's bold seizure of the China issue—that brought him respect in the political community and policy circles. Bauer had to be persuaded by Bell and Cannon that he would be taken seriously on China. "I was skeptical I could get through the gatekeepers in Washington," he says. His advisers contended that by attacking the mushy China policy of the Clinton administration and top Republicans, Bauer "could occupy unoccupied ground." So he began studying articles and policy papers on China. To gain credibility with policymakers, he published op-eds, first in the *Washington Post* in April ("Why People of Faith Must Challenge China"), then in the *Washington Times* ("Trading in Slavery") and the *San Diego Union-Tribune* ("Promote Freedom, Not China's Army"). Bauer says the final confirmation of what he'd been able to accomplish came six months ago "when William Buckley's people called": For a PBS debate on October 14, they asked Bauer to head the team in favor of interrupting trade with China.

On the show, Bauer not only made a powerful case for punishing China for human rights abuses, he also flummoxed former secretary of state Henry Kissinger, architect of détente with China. Early in the debate, Kissinger harrumphed over the accusation he looks fondly on China because of his consulting contracts there. When the critical exchange with Bauer came, he looked even more irritated. Kissinger, suggesting nationalism is on the rise in China, asked whether Bauer's severe policies might lead to "a nationalist, isolated China" that threatens the United States. Bauer responded that "certainly this century has taught us that when dealing with aggressive nationalism . . . the last thing to do is fall away in the face of it." Then, they went back and forth:

KISSINGER: My point is . . .

BAUER: The West deceived itself time after time after time [in the case of Germany and Japan] and we ended up, sir, with the war that you want to avoid.

KISSINGER: My point is you are producing aggressive nationalism . . .

BAUER: No, sir . . . the idea that the United States is what produces aggressive nationalism in China is to blame the United States for what is happening in China.

KISSINGER: The United States is not now producing aggressive nationalism. The policies you recommend will produce aggressive nationalism.

BAUER: Well, but sir, we have been following the policies that you recommend, and you just told me that you think nationalism is on the rise in China. What is it? Is it your policies that produce the nationalism or my policies?

KISSINGER: You're just quoting—sort of debating points. I am saying the transition from what exists now to a moderate state . . . should be one of the objectives of American foreign policy.

BAUER: Absolutely.

KISSINGER: And this hysterical approach that one now hears will produce rabid nationalism rather than the moderate evolution that we should try to promote.

BAUER: Mr. Secretary, to object to an ad



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

hominem attack and then to characterize your opponents as hysterical, I think, crosses the line.

Moderator Michael Kinsley banged his gavel to stop the exchange. Afterwards, Kissinger told Bauer his tough line represented an important strain of thought in America. It reminded him of Ronald Reagan's view of foreign policy. Bauer, who served as Reagan's chief domestic-policy adviser from 1987 through 1988, took this as an unintended compliment.

Reed's departure and the China issue aren't the only reasons Bauer, the son of a truck driver from a family of Democrats, has emerged as a man to be reckoned with in Washington. He's followed a simple, four-step formula. First, he's taken up sensitive social issues that people want to hear about. Abortion, homosexuality, pornography, the role of religion in public life—these concern millions of Americans, but most politicians, including conservatives, are too queasy to address them. So Bauer has filled a void. Social issues and the failure of the political establishment to deal with them are the crux of his message. And he delivers it ceaselessly, not only on TV and radio, but also in two or three speeches every week.

Plain-spoken rather than rhetorical and anything but glamorous, Bauer is a big draw. When he spoke to the Family Foundation in Richmond on December 1, he attracted a larger crowd than popular governor George Allen had drawn a year before. Governor-elect Jim Gilmore and his lieutenant governor and attorney general showed up. So did congressmen Tom Davis, a Republican, and Virgil Goode, a Democrat, as well as Jerry Falwell, scads of state legislators, and numerous businessmen. Bauer didn't soften his message for the upper-middle-class, professional audience.

He cited the case of a federal judge in Alabama who recently issued strict rules barring religious observance in schools. "Imagine if some federal judge issued an order and said there will be no more gay-rights activity in the schools," he said. "Every liberal politician in America would have run to a microphone. Where are our leaders? Where are the people who are in power because of the votes of men and women like you, and why will they not speak out for our values?" That prompted loud applause, but some of the politicians looked squeamish.

Bauer's most reliable applause line involves his nemesis, Bob Dole. Instead of agreeing with Clinton, Bauer insists, Dole should have teed off when asked twice in the San Diego presidential debate about gay rights. According to Bauer, here's the answer Dole should have given:

> Ma'am, I'm going to do something right now a politician is never supposed to do. I'm going to tell you and anyone listening this evening that if the demands of the gay-rights movement are your number-one priority, then the president here is your man. Because the president has said on the record that he's the most pro-gay-rights president in the history of the United States. I'll argue with him about a lot of things, but I won't argue with him about that. He *is* the most pro-gay rights. But if you're concerned about the American family, the breakdown of standards of right and wrong, and what's happening to our kids, then I'm your man. Next question.

Bauer's own agenda on homosexuality is stern stuff. He wants politicians to "speak out for normalcy and for the values the overwhelming number of their voters have." The president, Bauer says, should lean


15 Tips on How to Be a Good Leftist

by Jamie Glazov

(pocket size)

"One of the funniest and most illuminating essays on the left I've ever read."

—David Horowitz
Author, *Radical Son*

To order call (800) 752-6562 or visit our website at www.cspc.org

Other titles include: ***Conservatively Speaking*** by Frank Luntz, ***Why I'm Not A Liberal*** by David Horowitz, ***It's A War, Stupid!*** by Peter Collier and David Horowitz, and ***Why I Am A Conservative*** by P.J. O'Rourke.

$3.95 each
Orders of 25 or more: $2.95 each
Orders of 50 or more: $1.95 each

SECOND BOOKS




LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

on Hollywood producers and directors to stop propagandizing on behalf of gays in movies and TV shows. And the federal government should declare flatly that sexual preference is not a protected category under civil rights law. Also, "all federal subsidies of the gay-rights agenda" should be halted, Bauer says, and the secretary of education should stop pressure on school officials to introduce gay issues in the classroom.

Second in his four-step strategy, Bauer has made a career of speaking out loudly in public. A letter in the *Washington Star* defending Reagan's foreign policy pronouncements got him a job in the 1980 campaign. Six years later, as undersecretary of education, he excoriated a group of mayors for "whining" that Reagan's military buildup had taken money from cities. When the *Washington Post* ran a story on his remarks, Bauer was summoned to the White House. He expected to be fired. As it turned out, Reagan had liked what he had read and wanted Bauer to be his chief domestic-policy adviser. Before taking the post, Bauer got shrewd advice from Michael Horowitz, legal counsel at the White House budget office: Don't succumb to pressure to be at every meeting and never to stick your head out of the foxhole, Horowitz said. Both instincts are wrong.

At the White House, Bauer ignored office politics and became an outside player. "I learned that the best job security was aggressively arguing for Reagan principles and avoiding any whiff of ethical problems," he says. "There was a constituency out there. To the extent you were seen as having a following, it strengthened you inside. If I'd tried to play the inside game, I'd never have lasted." Bauer cultivated a following of one inside the White House—the president. He repeated in public the ideas that appealed to Reagan in their private sessions.

Third, Bauer is always willing to make people angry. He never soft-pedals his views on gay rights and abortion in public confrontations with homosexuals and feminists. As a Reagan aide, he often infuriated first lady Nancy Reagan. After he announced that the president, though a lame duck, would vigorously push an ambitious right-wing agenda in his final two years, using executive orders when needed, Bauer was called in by Don Regan, chief of staff. Nancy didn't like his tone and didn't want to see further statements like that, Regan said. Bauer insisted he was only repeating a line of thinking the president had encouraged him to take. Okay, said Regan, but crossing Nancy is "a big mistake." Bauer was undeterred, irritating her again by seeking to block anyone who was HIV-positive from serving on the presidential AIDS Commission. Bauer's performance did impress James Dobson, head of Focus on the Family. "He stood like a rock," says Dobson, who hired Bauer to run FRC in 1989.

Fourth, Bauer has refused to be a team player. Being independent, he's open to finding allies (or enemies) in unusual places and taking up new causes. On the White House staff, Bauer was a loner. At Monday lunches with Reagan, aides were supposed to raise only those issues cleared by senior officials. Bauer flouted the rule, broaching unapproved social issues and getting Reagan's assent to pursue them. Now, as a conservative agitator, Bauer never balks at zinging business leaders, something most Republicans are wary of doing. At Ethel Kennedy's, he was highly critical of American business. Bauer said he agreed with Beijing's characterization of the United States as a "moneybags democracy" and asked Wei what he thought about MFN. Wei said it would be presumptuous for him to advise Americans on trade policy. Bauer, of course, specializes in being presumptuous, and he made his animosity to MFN clear. The most Wei would indicate is that he appreciated past efforts to re-link MFN to human rights progress in China.

Having risen so far, so fast, Bauer now wonders about rising further. As Dole stumbled toward defeat in 1996, Bauer and friends began talking about his running for president in 2000. It's not as far-fetched as you might think. The 41 state organizations loosely affiliated with the Family Research Council give him a built-in national network. He's an effective fund-raiser, his PAC having collected $2 million this year. (FRC, by the way, recently received an anonymous gift of $1 million.) And he has a following. Speaking to 4,350 Christian school administrators and teachers in Sacramento on November 13, Bauer said he and his family (wife Carol, two daughters, and one son) had been "praying in recent months" about his possibly leaving FRC and "throwing my hat in the ring for the Republican presidential . . ." Before he could finish the sentence, the crowd surged to its feet and gave Bauer a sustained ovation. As he left the stage, Bauer told Rohn Ritzema, the head of the school administrators: "I came tired, but I'm leaving with a full tank."

Bauer says he'd run only to make sure social issues are discussed. Republican candidates have to talk about abortion and gay rights before all groups, not just social conservative or religious ones. And none is doing that, he says. At the least, Bauer could inject social issues in the presidential primary debate. And he would be a threat to candidates who expect to appeal to social conservatives—Buchanan, Quayle,



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and Sen. John Ashcroft of Missouri. Bauer might seriously obstruct their chances.

Could someone who's never held elective office and only dabbled in foreign policy be elected? The answer is yes. Once the Cold War ended, younger, less credentialed candidates became credible: Clinton, Buchanan, Paul Tsongas, Ross Perot in 1992, Buchanan and Forbes in 1996. Lack of experience isn't Bauer's problem. The question is whether someone as socially conservative as Bauer can be elected. Either way, Bauer is unlikely to change his views. "There's a culture in the Republican party that takes people [who rise to the top] and turns them into eunuchs," he says. It hasn't affected Gary Bauer a bit. ♦

# THE MAGICIANS OF KYOTO

## *Global Environmentalists and Their Superstitions*

**By Nicholas Eberstadt**

My great-grandfather Eduard, who had the fine judgment to make America his home, is still vividly remembered in family lore. He was, among other things, a very *modern* man. His opinions—he had many of them—were typically progressive, sometimes strenuously so. He had studied at Heidelberg University, then one of Europe's better-known centers for research in the natural sciences, and ever after fashioned himself a champion of knowledge, reason, and critical inquiry.

He also had a particular theory about automotive transportation: He was firmly convinced that the horseless carriage, running as it did off a volatile and highly flammable fuel known as gasoline, was a contraption liable to explode at any moment. He lived long enough to see his theory put to the test. The mass manufacture of passenger cars took place during his lifetime. As it happened, in America during the Roaring Twenties, there were few instances of spontaneously exploding automobiles—if any. Even so, to the end of his days he traveled by car only under protest—and only if the gas tank were left as close as possible to empty, since that condition, in his estimate, lowered the probability of vehicle detonation.

My great-grandfather's eccentric personal relationship with the internal-combustion engine did not, I would submit, make him any less *modern* a man. Quite the contrary: One might instead see in his perspective something quintessentially modern—or at least, representative of our era. We might even say that, in his own modest way, he was a pioneer. For the very sort of reasoning that shaped his behavior towards the automobile now promises to be embraced on an immense scale, guiding—or more accurately, misguiding—the actions of governments around the world. It is the sort of reasoning that gave rise to the global-climate agreement in Kyoto, Japan, last week. It is a style of reasoning that has been embraced by the U.S. government's environmental apparatus—from Vice President Gore on down; indeed, it inspires much—perhaps most—government activity involving what we now call the "global environment." This reasoning sails under the flag of "scientific knowledge," but that is a false flag.

*Nicholas Eberstadt is a researcher with the American Enterprise Institute and the Harvard Center for Population and Development studies. This article is adapted from a paper he presented at the AEI annual policy conference*

Two generations ago, Friedrich Hayek offered a penetrating examination of a peculiarly modern version of "the abuse of reason": a syndrome he labeled "scientism." As Hayek described it, "scientistic" thinking garbed itself in the trappings of science (including the jargon of science) while neglecting, ignoring, or even defying the approach to the pursuit of knowledge that is at the very heart of the scientific method. "Scientism" nicely captures the outlook of our new global thinkers, who are busily engaged today in saving the planet through far-reaching demographic and economic therapies.

Just as my great-grandfather offered seemingly technical explanations to justify his premonition of exploding jalopies, today's global thinkers bring a pretense of science into combat with the systems that obsess them—systems which they nevertheless ultimately do not understand.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In fairness to our contemporary global thinkers, the systems they worry about appear immeasurably more complicated than the internal-combustion engine. The interplay between demographic, economic, and environmental changes looks extraordinarily complex even at the national level, and still more difficult to apprehend when the whole world is the object of study. But for this very reason a truly *scientific* approach to these issues would be alert to the limits of available data, to the potentially conflicting interpretation of observations, and perhaps above all to the possibility that facts and knowledge at our disposal might allow us to test—and thereby falsify—some of the theories or hypotheses that we currently entertain. The most ardent proponents of far-reaching action in the name of the "global environment," however, also seem to be the least willing to examine critically the scientific evidence that purportedly necessitates the policies they recommend.

My great-grandfather refused to give up on his crotchet just because evidence piled up against it. He adopted what the philosopher Karl Popper once termed "immunizing tactics or stratagems" for protecting *his* cherished theory against falsification. The result was, in the main, mild entertainment for the people who knew him.

When the modern state, on the other hand, subscribes to an ambitious agenda for the "global environment" and employs those selfsame immunizing tactics and stratagems to protect its supposedly rationally established policy priorities, the results are likely to be neither amusing nor harmless.

Think for a moment about the spectacle in Kyoto. The hundreds of delegates who assembled there were instructed by their governments to work on a treaty that would commit countries to controlling or reducing their emissions of so-called "greenhouse gases" in the years ahead in the name of preventing a significant bout of "global warming" by the end of the 21st century. Politics aside, consider just the scientific constraints under which they labored.

For one thing, there is an unresolved dispute among specialists as to actual temperature trends in our atmosphere over the past several decades: Depending on whose data one uses, we can suggest that the atmosphere has been warming, or cooling, or both. For another thing, there is the evident uncertainty about the impact of changes in atmospheric greenhouse gases on atmospheric temperatures: Suffice it to say that researchers in this realm have yet to devise models that can accurately account for the *past*, much less predict the future. To confuse matters further, the likely impact of human activity on the concentrations of greenhouse gases found in the atmosphere remains a matter of imprecision, given our limited current understanding of the capacities of "carbon sinks" (forests, oceans, and the like) for absorbing the carbon dioxide released into the air.

Even estimating man-made emissions—perhaps the least vexatious of the issues just raised—is more than somewhat problematic. In the judgment of the researchers who devised the method now commonly used for calculating the amount of carbon-dioxide emissions from human use of fossil fuels, for example, their global estimates for any given year could be 10 percent too high or low. These are, however, *global* margins of error, which tend to smooth out even greater imprecisions in subsidiary components. This means that we can be even less confident in the measurements of smaller units—such as, for example, emissions at the national level. Forget for a moment about the chain of presumptions needed to link a given level of "greenhouse gas" generation by a specific population to a particular change in global temperatures in subsequent years: The negotiators at Kyoto cannot even be confident that the country targets they eventually set for changes in emissions will exceed the margins of error on current production!

Let me be clear: The theory that human activity might have an impact on global temperatures is inherently plausible. With further research, it should eventually be possible to specify the dynamics of any human contribution to climate change—if this theory is validated. Moreover, it would clearly be unreasonable—indeed, hazardous—to demand that stewards of the public weal stay their hand until the very last scintilla of doubt over some pressing policy issue has been finally erased. A number of measures that would reduce greenhouse-gas emissions could be recommended for broad implementation today—but such measures derive their merit from the likelihood that their benefits would exceed their costs. No such claim could be made by the conferees at Kyoto, whose agenda, if successful, would dictate a radical and expensive reconfiguration of global patterns of economic activity that might (or might not) affect the climate in a way that might (or might not) protect the quality of life on this earth. Their cavalier approach to knowledge, to cite Karl Popper once again, is fundamentally nonscientific.

Commentators out of sympathy with advocates of "scientistic" solutions to problems of the global environment sometimes call environmentalism a new secular faith. But that formulation blurs the important



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

distinction between religion and magic. What we saw at work in Kyoto, and see as well in many other seats of self-styled "global thinking," might better be described as the sway of secular superstition.

In his book on the decline of magic in pre-modern England, the historian Keith Thomas recalled the source of magic's powerful allure: "As an alternative to helpless impotence, the savage falls back upon the substitute activity of magical ritual. . . . By its agency he is converted from a helpless bystander to an active agent." Thomas further observed that "the role of magic in modern society may be more extensive than we yet appreciate."

Indeed so: when the undersecretary of state, Timothy E. Wirth, reportedly explains that "overpopulation" is the root cause of the atrocities in Bosnia (a place, by the way, where fertility levels were sub-replacement even before Tito's death); when the executive director of the United Nations Population Fund warns Congress that a $200 million cut in annual U.S. population aid will mean an additional 17 to 18 million Third World pregnancies per year; when the vice president of the United States writes of an impending "environmental holocaust without precedent," and justifies the ambitious international program he wishes to enact as part of a "larger war to save the earth," we must pause and take note.

Michael Ramirez

Some critics might write off these outbursts as expressions of a millenarian worldview pure and simple, but there is a passion in these declarations that suggests their authors seek something more. Acceptance is not enough: They want us to clap our hands and believe.

The affection such global thinkers demonstrate for towering new edifices of worldwide economic and political controls, through which their good works would be enforced, can perhaps be ascribed in part to the deep and abiding appeal of magic, even to the modern man. After all, the "substitute activities" to which Keith Thomas referred must be convincing to the followers of the cult—and those activities may seem all the more convincing and real if they entail demonstrable sacrifice. To observe that Kyoto-style global environmental policies would impose widespread economic sacrifice is hardly a devastating criticism to Kyoto's devotees. That sense of broadly felt sacrifice is precisely what the global thinkers prize. This is what Al Gore meant when he told the summiteers in Japan: "Let us resolve to conduct ourselves in such a way that our children's children will read about the 'Spirit of Kyoto' and remember well the place and time where humankind first chose to embark together on a long-term sustainable relationship between our civilization and the Earth's environment."

Some time ago, I participated in an unclassified intelligence-community conference on environmental degradation and national security in post-Communist Europe—research, it was intimated, that had been requested by the highest levels of the Clinton administration. As everyone knows, the Soviet-bloc governments bequeathed an appalling environmental



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

legacy to their successors: Dying forests, poisoned water, and filthy air all figure in this dismaying tableau. At one point, a medical specialist at this conference reviewed the array of health risks these Eastern European environmental problems could pose to local populations, and his prognosis sounded dire indeed. But I wasn't sure I had understood him correctly, so I asked a question. Which would, I inquired, have a greater anticipated impact on mortality and morbidity in Eastern Europe in the years ahead: a "silver bullet" that somehow redressed all of its environmental ills this very moment—or a 20 percent reduction in cigarette smoking? He waved his hand impatiently. "The smoking, of course," he replied. Then he stopped, took a breath, and went on to explain why that wasn't a very good question.

I beg to differ. What one might call the "micro-environment" matters greatly to the well-being of every person on the planet. What is more, we not only understand the factors that shape this micro-environment far better than we understand the forces at play in the so called "global environment"; we can craft policy interventions for it that offer the promise of a significant human benefit at a less significant human cost. Too often, our new global thinkers appear to be unable to see the trees for the forests. If they would only pay more attention to the micro-environments in which our billions of fellow human beings live, they might glean a rather different impression of our current "environmental condition"—and of the "environmental challenges" lying immediately before us.

Consider, for one example, the availability of food—a potentially critical factor, one might say, in any person's micro-environment. Although national and international data on population and food supplies are far from perfect, the trends they outline are unambiguous. Between the early 1960s and the mid-1990s, there has been a major and indeed historically extraordinary improvement in the human diet. Changes in low-income countries appear to have been particularly dramatic. According to estimates by the U.N. Food and Agriculture Organization, per capita caloric supplies in developing countries have risen by fully 30 percent over this period.

Yet even those numbers may understate the scale of improvement. For those figures attempt to measure only crude caloric availability. They take no account of the shift in these places toward higher-cost calories (dairy products, meats, fish, fruit, and the like) that constitute an obvious, if unmeasured, improvement in the quality of diet. Likewise, they do not adjust for the improvements in storage and refrigeration that have increased the proportion of caloric "supplies" that poor people can actually use as food. Equally important, they take no measure of the advances in public health that have permitted vulnerable populations to metabolize an increasing portion of the foodstuffs they possess: Curing a case of cholera, for example, can "save" a stricken child as much as 600 calories of food energy each day.

The earth has not yet been ridded of mass hunger, and nutritional progress in some regions—especially, sub-Saharan Africa—has been distressingly tenuous. At the same time, we can be fairly confident that we understand the general components necessary for instituting a framework that will elicit sustained—and self-sustaining—nutritional advance almost anywhere in the world.

Access to safe drinking water also qualifies as a major micro-environmental concern. Yet despite uncertainties in the data, global trends are again unambiguous: The quality of drinking water available to human populations looks to be steadily and markedly improving. One of the reasons for this improvement, incidentally, is the rapid urbanization of "Third World" populations—a tendency the State Department, in its recently released document on "Environmental Diplomacy," apparently views with some alarm.

In the very poorest countries, the World Bank believes, over 70 percent of urban populations had access to safe water by the early 1990s; the figure was much lower for rural populations—still under 50 percent—but even so, half again as high as it had been a decade before. Perhaps most notably, if the bank's figures are accurate, over five-sixths of South Asia's city-dwellers, and fully four-fifths of its rural folk, now have access to safe drinking water. ("South Asia," remember, includes India, Pakistan, and Bangladesh.) Clearly, there is still enormous room for improvement. But once again: We know what needs to be done here, and, generally, how to do it.

A final factor that bears self-evidently upon the quality of the micro-environment is health and mortality. We have reasonably reliable data on global mortality trends over the past half-century, and what they detail is a veritable global explosion—of health and longevity. Between the early 1950s and the early 1990s, according to the estimates of the U.N.'s Population Division, life expectancy at birth for the "less developed regions" as a whole jumped by over 20 years—that is to say, by more than half. Over that same period, infant mortality is estimated to have dropped no less remarkably—in the "less developed



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

countries" as a whole, for example, levels are thought to be over three-fifths lower today than they were 40 years ago.

In all, the medical innovations, technological advances, and economic growth that so many of the new "global environmentalists" seem to view with such ambivalence have fomented a revolution in survival chances for individual members of our species. This is a signal and tremendously heartening change in the overall human micro-environment. It is a change, in fact, that a humane and scientific environmentalism would appreciate, and celebrate.

Unfortunately, international data on health and mortality today point to the emergence of very serious micro-environmental problems in different regions of the world. For the first time in the modern era, in fact, hundreds of millions of people live in countries that, though technically at peace, nevertheless find their life expectancies falling. In sub-Saharan Africa, by the estimates of the U.N. Population Division, life expectancy was probably lower in the early 1990s than it had been in the early 1980s in over half a dozen countries—and that tally does not include the gruesome special cases of Liberia and Rwanda. In the former Soviet Union, the so-called "transition process" has coincided with the most massive public-health reversals ever to beset a modern industrial society outside of war. The situation is perhaps most acute in the Russian Federation, where an upsurge of "excess mortality" may have claimed nearly 3 million lives since the collapse of the U.S.S.R.

These micro-environmental setbacks confront us here and now. Unfortunately, the "global environmentalists" and "environmental diplomats" who are so alert to the interconnectedness of the world in other contexts have been uncharacteristically quiet about them. How we should go about addressing these problems is not mysterious—though the work that lies before us will doubtless be difficult. But we will not require magic to accomplish it. ♦

# Quiet in the Library! Children Viewing Porn

**By Neil Munro**

The American Library Association has an answer for parents who are concerned about pornography on library computers: Buzz off. What's more, the association recommends that libraries furnish private booths in which patrons, including children, may view Internet porn undisturbed. A growing number of protesters—parents, social conservatives, and some librarians themselves—are fighting back.

Their protests stem from the decision of the Supreme Court last June to void half of the 1996 Communications Decency Act—the half that sought to outlaw the display of online smut to minors. Although the library association, the American Civil Liberties Union, and other groups claim credit for the court's decision, none of them dared challenge the law's other half—the one that bars the display to minors of "obscene" material, the type of porn that fails to meet the legal test of literary, artistic, political, or scientific value. Outside certain business and free-speech enclaves, this law is popular: One poll found that 80 percent of Americans believe government should curb Internet pornography.

This sentiment is shared by most librarians, who have traditionally refused to buy pornographic or otherwise obscene books. Over the last few years, however, more than 40 percent of the nation's libraries have each paid at least $3,000 to buy a computerized portal into the Internet—and so have stocked their electronic shelves with an array of cyberspace porn, complete with color, sound, and full-motion-video action.

The most interesting portion of the Internet is the World Wide Web, which consists of endlessly interlinked series of "Web sites," each containing a storehouse of images and information. To find your way

*Neil Munro is a policy reporter for the Washington Post Company's business newspaper,* Washington Technology.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

through these millions of pages, you can use any of dozens of electronic indexes, called "search engines." Thus, if you type in "puppy," you will be led to hundreds of Web sites, dedicated to pictures of well-groomed canines, advertisements for pet products, a rock band named Skinny Puppy, a fishing-tackle outfit called Mud Puppy—and a group of deviants at "alt.sex.bestiality," where "Happiness is a warm puppy."

In this way does the Internet provide libraries with instant access to a world of useful information but also convert computer-equipped libraries—including those in schools—into government-funded peep shows. Says Mitzi Brown of the National Law Center for Children and Families in Fairfax, Va., "It is illegal to allow minors into an adult bookstore. Why are we allowing them into the porn sections of the Internet?" Her group advocates restrictions on the Internet links of library computers, contending that the Supreme Court's decision has left online "non-obscene pornography" with even fewer restrictions than porn videos and magazines or *The Simpsons* on television (which is rated TV-PG for bad language).

**THE AMERICAN LIBRARY ASSOCIATION IS ENTIRELY WILLING TO PUSH KIDS TO CERTAIN WEB SITES—LIBERAL ONES.**

For parents, politicians, and decency-minded librarians, one obvious solution is a type of software that severs libraries' Internet links to offensive Web pages. Naturally, the first generation of this software has had problems, largely because it is difficult to find every pornographic needle in the fast-growing Internet haystack. For example, one product barred access to Web pages containing the words "sex" and "couple," thus blocking a Web page created by the good citizens of Middlesex, England, as well as the White House Web page, which featured the first couple.

This sort of defect has provided ammunition to the library association and allied groups, which call the smut-filtering software "censorware" and argue that developers secretly build into it right-wing political ideology, preventing access to pages that support abortion, homosexuality, or drug use. That objection is being answered by improved technology and trial-and-error experiments. Librarians in Austin, Texas, for instance, have worked with a software developer to narrow the filters to block only obscenity and "gross depictions," while librarians in Boston use very broad filters in the children's corners. The local government in Loudoun County, Va., has voted to install filters in all its computers, while other libraries reject any filter at all, simply keeping their computers near check-out desks, where middle-aged ladies tend to shame the underaged away from porn.

This jumble of experiments may look like a democratic compromise-in-progress, but the American Library Association will have none of it. Its lobbyists adamantly oppose any and all use of filtering technology and have distributed tip-sheets and legal briefs in support of their cause. According to Judith Krug, director of the association's Office for Intellectual Freedom, any use of smut-filtering software in government-funded libraries is an unconstitutional violation of free-speech rights. In her opinion, no filtering software could be constitutionally valid because no developer can devise a filter that excludes all obscenity while keeping the door open to all less-than-obscene pornography. "Porn is erotica, and that is constitutionally protected speech, and if you don't want your children to access that information, you had better be with your children when they use a computer," she says. And those little booths? They are needed, she maintains, to protect users' privacy. Of parents concerned about Internet porn, Krug is dismissive: "Their number is so small that it is almost laughable." Only one child "out of a trillion billion" might use library computers to seek out porn, she believes.

Krug's touching faith in the virtue of American youth aside, the association's laissez-faire fundamentalism clashes with several facts. First, it is a federal crime to display obscene materials to children. Second, industry is selling cyberspace maps that prod users toward favored Web sites, many of which will soon receive quality ratings. These maps and ratings are prepared by search-engine companies, which make their money by nudging users to corporate Web pages that buy advertising slots or pay for prominent positions in the electronic index. Thus, the association's hands-off approach would, in essence, invite online advertisers to take over the librarians' task of indexing and grading the content of libraries.

Third, the association is entirely willing to push kids to certain sites—liberal ones. It has developed a guide to 700 politically correct sites, including those for Young Feminists in NOW, the Sierra Club, multiculturalism, Latin American issues, American Indians, and origami "Cranes for Peace." (There is even one for Louis Farrakhan's Nation of Islam.) Krug says that selecting World Wide Web content is "exactly



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

what librarians are doing, but not in the way [social conservatives] want us to do it."

Her views are entirely representative of the library association's hierarchy. "We don't think we should put blinders on kids," says Barbara Ford, association president. But it is unclear how many of the association's 57,000 members share their leaders' hardline position. Nor is it clear how much of the association's budget comes from the taxpayers, although 36 percent of its $33.8 million in revenue for 1995-96 came from the purchase by libraries of association products. Also, the association's Fund for America's Libraries receives financial support from the National Endowment for the Humanities, the U.S. Information Agency, and the Microsoft Corporation, which seeks to minimize the regulation of its Internet business.

On the smut-filtering issue, the association works hand-in-glove with the ACLU. "I don't think [filtering] technology can do the job of a jury and judge" in determining what material meets the legal test of obscenity, says Ann Beeson, an ACLU staff attorney. As for the little booths, she says, "I think that's a good idea." Beeson is threatening to sue libraries that use filters—which is hardly surprising. The ACLU argues that parents should have no right to limit their children's use of library computers, and it backed a California lawsuit that sought to legalize computerized simulations of adult-child sex.

Peter Steiner

At its base, the argument advanced by the library association and its friends is that the Web should—and will—treat all information equally, undermining traditional morality and promoting "diversity," sexual autonomy, and moral relativism. So far, it seems that they are correct—much to the benefit of corporations, which are delighted to supplant the judgment of librarians with the sell-anything-now ethos of an online marketplace carefully segmented by age, race, wealth, education, and sexual urges.

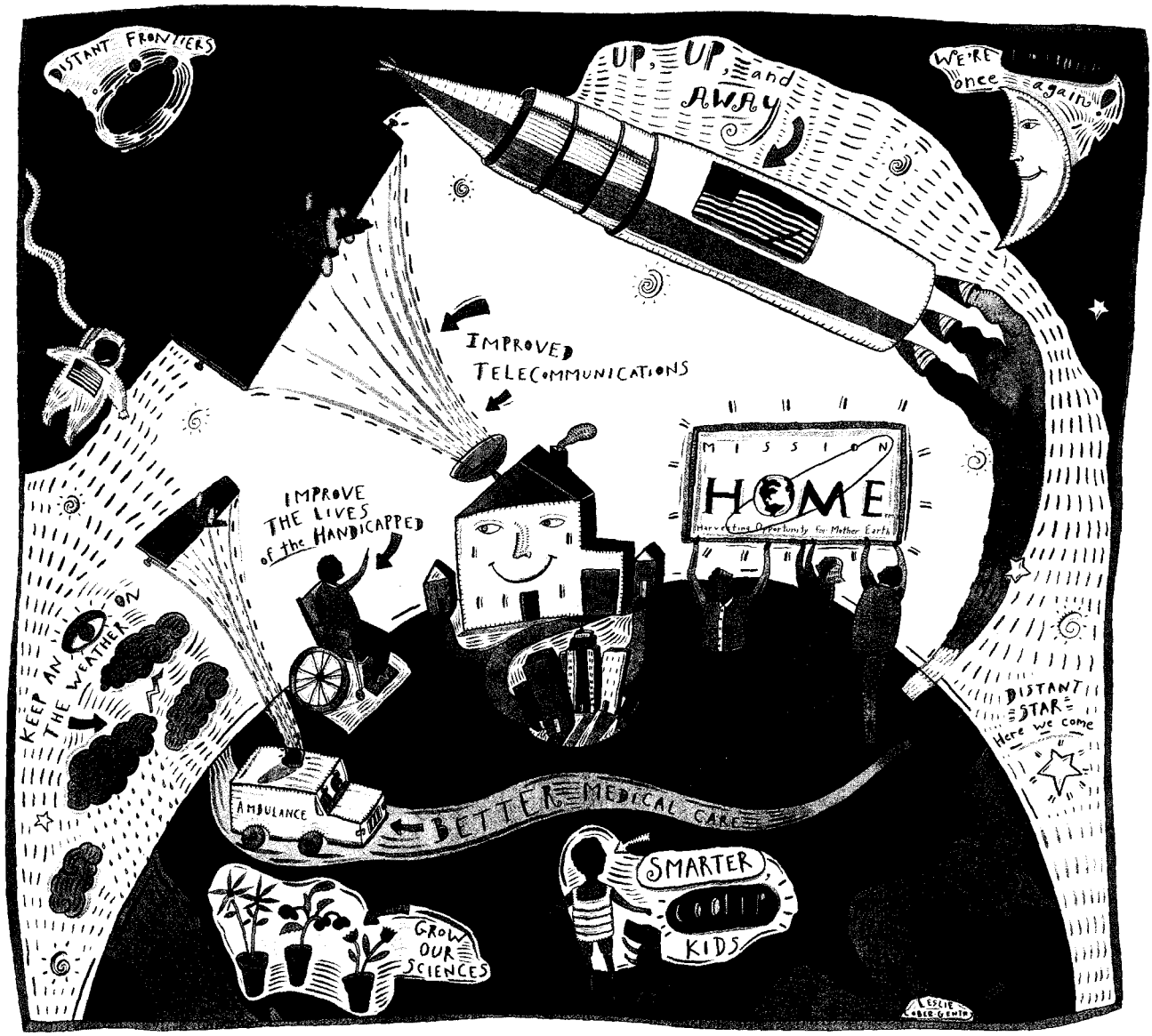
So, what should conservatives do in response? They could adopt a libertarian stance: shut down the libraries and let citizens do their own Web searches at home, with or without filters. Or they could try to take the libraries back from the American Library Association; perhaps local politicians could fire recalcitrant librarians, which would free up cash for computer-equipped charter schools whose librarians treat parents' concerns with respect. The Republican Congress could pass a law that helps parents sue librarians who fail to take reasonable measures to abide by the Communications Decency Act. Congress could even go a step further and prod the Justice Department to jail careless librarians when the computers under their charge are used to break the law.

There is room for optimism: Several legislators, including Republican senator Dan Coats of Indiana, have drafted bills designed to curb commercial online pornography. Some of the larger Internet companies are eager to buy respectability in suburbia—and protection from porn-related lawsuits brought by outraged parents—by exiling their lucrative online-porn business to backwater reservations in cyberspace, from which filters can bar children. Industry's increased support for filters allows President Clinton and his techno-veep Al Gore to trumpet those filters as "seat-belts for the information superhighway" without worrying about a hostile reaction from Silicon Valley—a reaction that would surely ensue if the Justice Department actually prosecuted online-obscenity cases.

In this debate over technology and morality, conservatives will need a ready-for-TV answer whenever they are slammed as free-speech-hating Babbitts. Judith Krug says of conservatives, "I don't want their view of the world to affect what my kids have access to." Maybe conservatives can simply echo her. ♦



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED




# You've Got a World of Reasons to Join the Mission.

Life-saving medical technology. Mind-boggling communications capabilities. Nearly 30,000 products in our homes, offices, and factories. The world is filled with the benefits of our nation's reach for the stars.

Thanks to Mission HOME (Harvesting Opportunity for Mother Earth), the U.S. public is gaining a better understanding of how space enriches our lives today and brightens our children's future. This alliance unites the U.S. space community behind a successful, ongoing movement to communicate the vast benefits of our civil, commercial and military space efforts.

Refusing to let even the skies limit our technological vision. Daring to dream of the benefits still to be delivered HOME. Be part of this Mission—for a world of reasons.

HOME
Harvesting Opportunity for Mother Earth

Capt. James Lovell, Chairman. Contact www.missionhome.org, or call (719) 576-8000.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Engraving London

## *William Hogarth and the Eighteenth-Century City*

**By Christopher Caldwell**

The mid-eighteenth century saw the birth of the modern British state, the opening up of the British empire, stirrings of independence in the American colonies, and the final enclosure of the common lands. Yet no one laughed a few years ago when a prominent historian summed up the whole period as the "Age of Hogarth." Britain, pivoting decisively into the modern era and an unprecedented global dominance, had as its representative spirit William Hogarth—a hard-drinking, working-class en-graver who never reached five feet tall and could barely spell, and whose work chronicled sadists, sex offenders, drug addicts, gamblers, prostitutes, dissipated aristocrats, political extremists, and a parade of thieves and drunks.

Enthusiasm for Hogarth hasn't waned since his death in 1764. The Victorians praised him as a voice of commonsense morality. Europe's Edwardian leftists hailed him as a fellow revolutionary. Igor Stravinsky based an opera (with libretto by W. H. Auden and Chester Kallman) on one of his series, and the painter David Hockney has paid him homage. Now, on the tercentenary of his birth, two new books—a full-scale biography by English literary critic Jennifer Uglow and a study of Hogarth the satirist by English art historian David Bindman—proclaim his continuing irresistibility.

Hogarth was born in 1697 in Smithfield, a narrow-alleyed North London neighborhood spared by the Great Fire of 1666, popular among immigrants, prostitutes, Nonconformists, and Grub Street journalists. The artist's father, a Low Church teacher of Latin who had arrived from the north with literary ambitions, spent much of Hogarth's youth confined to debtors' prison. Young Hogarth became a silversmith's apprentice and learned to engrave copperplate designs. He studied with James Thornhill (a painter of historical scenes who later became serjeant-painter to the king and the first British artist to be knighted) and married Thornhill's daughter Jane in 1729.

**Jenny Uglow**
***Hogarth: A Life and a World***
Farrar, Straus and Giroux, 794 pp., $45

**David Bindman**
***Hogarth and His Times***
University of California Press, 208 pp., $45

As a young man, Hogarth established himself as one of London's gifted calling-card designers and salver-engravers and dabbled in a fairly pedestrian type of political cartooning. It was in 1725, however—when he was commissioned to illustrate *Hudibras*, Samuel Butler's poetic send-up of Puritanism—that he began to show his characteristic mastery of composition, his firm and idiosyncratic line, and his talent for capturing both the movements and emotions of crowds. Hogarth had an uncanny gift for cramming his pictures with puzzles, riddles, detail, and imagery that turn them from flat drawings into three-dimensional stories. One can enter a Hogarth series and look at it for hours, as if reading a novel. In 1732, he decided to invent and illustrate a story of his own. This was *A Harlot's Progress*, six tableaux describing the step-by-step degradation of a Yorkshire girl left to her own devices on the streets of London. The *Harlot* engravings sent his name across Europe and America.

Hogarth remains a critically respected painter, particularly of portraits, but it is these engraved series, which he called "modern moral subjects," that are at the core of his work—particularly *A Harlot's Progress*, *A Rake's Progress*, *Marriage à la Mode* (a tale of marrying for money and rank), and *Industry and Idleness* (a tale of two apprentices on their upward and downward trajectories).

Such subjects suited him. There was a strong moralizing side to Hogarth, but there was a journalistic side as well. He was fascinated by the dregs of society, in a society that offered plenty of dregs. Early in his career he had done lucrative engravings of convicted criminals between conviction and hanging: the beauty Sarah Malcolm, for instance, who had strangled an eighty-year-old woman and slit the throat of her seventeen-year-old maid. In a London that was fast becoming urbanized, criminals—as the novelist

*Christopher Caldwell is senior writer for* The Weekly Standard.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Tobias Smollett put it—were "more desperate and savage than they had ever appeared since mankind was civilized."

At the root of London's flowering crime rate was gin, which overwhelmed the eighteenth-century city in a way that makes our own crack problem look mild. Gin arrived in England from Holland after the Glorious Revolution of 1688, and by the mid-eighteenth century the English had mastered both large-scale and bathtub production. When grain prices collapsed after several consecutive bountiful harvests, gin suddenly became so cheap that the very poorest and most desperate could render themselves paralytic for pennies—and did. In 1736, the city had 7,000 gin shops. By one estimate, half the infants who died in London had been overdosed on the laudanum and gin used to sedate them. Increasingly common were stories like that of Judith Dufour, who, according to M. Dorothy George's *London Life in the Eighteenth Century*,

> fetched her two-year-old child from the workhouse, where it had just been "new-clothed," for the afternoon. She strangled it and left it in a ditch in Bethnal Green in order to sell its clothes. The money (one and fourpence) was spent on gin and was divided with a woman, who (she said) instigated the crime.

Prostitution and sex crimes were also widespread. Drury Lane's Rose Tavern was home to a bouncer called Leathercoats, "a giant of strength who would lie down in the street and let a carriage roll over him for the price of a drink." "Mother" Needham, madam to the royal court, kept dozens of women until she was stoned to death in the pillory. Colonel Francis Charteris was universally reviled as the "Rape-Master of Great Britain" and bragged of having violated a hundred girls. He would send his servants, according to a contemporary account, to waylay unsuspecting women, "none but such as were strong, lusty and fresh Country Wenches, of the first size, their B—tt—cks as hard as Cheshire Cheeses, that should make a Dint in a Wooden Chair, and work like a parish Engine at a Conflagration." After a career of crime that included perjury and fraud, he was sentenced to death for raping at gunpoint a servant-girl he had barricaded in his house. Charteris, however, an associate and financial contributor to prime minister Robert Walpole, was saved by a royal pardon.

According to Uglow, when

**GIN LANE IS HELL ON EARTH, WITH A DRUNKEN MOTHER DROPPING HER CHILD, RAGPICKERS FIGHTING DOGS, AND PAWNSHOPS FLOURISHING.**

Hogarth placed Mother Needham and, especially, Colonel Charteris in the first scene of *A Harlot's Progress*, he invited Britons to see themselves as used by the government in like fashion. She's not wrong. In the 1720s, when a fraudulent scheme to pay off the national debt led to the South Sea Bubble and fiscal collapse, Walpole stepped into the breach and virtually invented the job of prime minister by allying himself with commercial interests and using their financial clout to create a near-invincible regime of parliamentary patronage. The system was sybaritic and nepotistic, but it laid the groundwork for the mercantile prosperity of the eighteenth century. It was under Walpole and his Whig allies that Defoe claimed, "Trade is the Lifeblood of the Nation."

Walpole was opposed by Tories of the "country party," who distrusted *all* taxes, even those that paid for wars (their stinginess eventually contributed to an inability to hold the American colonies) and police (there was none in London until Henry Fielding and his blind brother, Sir John, founded the "Bow Street Runners" in the 1740s). The Tory Vision of small government was time-honored in England, but it took for granted a certain unruliness that Walpole, who favored a modern bureaucracy, sought to undermine at every turn.

Hogarth's sympathies, like those of Swift and Pope, lay with the country party. His was an anti-yuppie populism *avant la lettre*, and he was denied some patronage opportunities by enemies in the Walpole-dominated government. Yet Hogarth's father-in-law, as an ex-MP and royal serjeant-painter, benefited handsomely from Walpole—and let some of the patronage (for engraving salvers and seals) trickle down to Hogarth himself.

Hogarth occasionally poked political fun, but never attacked Walpole directly. This reluctance should not be mistaken for toadyism. As Maynard Mack notes in his magisterial biography of Alexander Pope, the eighteenth century had no notion of attacking the party in power in order to prove the artist's artistic bona fides. Looking at Pope or Hogarth that way, we fall prey to

> the romantic conviction, still largely dominant in Western countries today, that the artist is alienated necessarily from the body politic. No view could be further from Pope's own. For him, the poet was or should be part and parcel of the body politic, and his task remained what it had been, at least in theory, for both his classical and his Renaissance forerunners: to discourage evil-doing by dragging it to the light and burying it with obloquy, and to quicken excellence of all kinds by offering it eternal fame.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Hogarth's own idea of "excellence" emerges in Uglow's rigorous examination of his art. Her discussion of *A Rake's Progress*, his 1735 follow-up to the *Harlot* series, extracts a Hogarthian ethic: Tom Rakewell is "a young bourgeois . . . attractive, open, innocent—and weak," one who "imitates rakes but can never be one of them" and never appears at ease with the prostitutes and obscene "posture women" whom he frequents.

Present in all Hogarth's work is a critique of what historian Paul Langford has called mid-eighteenth-century England's most pervasive concern: luxury, and how to keep the pursuit of it from tearing society to pieces. Epicureanism ran up and down the social scale: Hogarth's era was so impatient with non-sensual pleasures that the dramatist Thomas Betterton achieved a smash hit by cutting the slower passages out of *Henry IV, Part II* and added to the play the subtitle *The Humours of Sir John Falstaff*. Hogarth's solution to his time's excesses was a well-developed notion of moderation. In the *Rake's Progress*, signs of Tom's father's parsimony are everywhere: the coins tumbling out of their hiding places as carpenters work, scales in the closet, a portrait over the mantel of the father counting money. The over-responsible and rigidly righteous father is the author of his dissolute son.

*A Rake's Progress*, Plate 1

The point is even clearer in two didactic panels that Hogarth intended to be affordably purchased by the poor. *Beer Street* and *Gin Lane*, "calculated to reform some reigning Vices peculiar to the lower Class of People," are often read as cautionary tales that share a single message. They're not. Gin Lane is indeed hell on earth, with a drunken, pustule-covered mother dropping her child into a gutter, rag-pickers fighting dogs for food, and the pawnshops doing a flourishing trade. Beer Street, though, is England as it should be, with everyone guzzling but hard at work, reading newspapers and poetry. Books and food are ample. The only house on the street that is not spic-and-span is a pawnshop. Here is the perfect metaphor for Hogarth's ideal of moderation. Gin is sinful, but the English ideal is not abstinence: It's beer.

In this disdain for extremes, he was a kindred spirit of Henry Fielding, a rake-turned-magistrate who, until his death in 1754, remained Hogarth's friend and ardent defender. Like Fielding, Hogarth was a publicly compassionate man. He inveighed against cruelty to animals and doted on children. His own marriage being childless, he brought orphans into his house and helped the colonial lumber magnate Thomas Coram open a Foundling Hospital. That he was a satirist didn't put him at odds with his country's culture, any more than with its politics. He was a great joiner, a founder of the still-surviving Sublime Society of Beefsteaks—with its motto, "Beef and Liberty." He loved singing and sing-alongs, dressed flashily, and became a Mason in 1725. Hogarth sought in many ways to become a pillar of his community.

Actually *being* a pillar, however, proved harrowing. Made serjeant-painter to the king, as his father-in-



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

*Gin Lane*

law had been, he was soon under attack by Joshua Reynolds in Samuel Johnson's *Idler*. And after a lifetime keeping his distance from party, he did something many aging people do, though no one has ever explained why: He became a rabid and unthinking partisan, taking the side of the newly crowned George III against William Pitt and backing the King's preferred adviser, the Earl of Bute, who sought a premature end to the Seven Years' War. This stance set him against prevailing opinion and left him open to the attacks of the rabble-rousing opportunist John Wilkes, champion of the unemployed, hater of Scotland, embezzler, and inventor of the sexual autobiography.

It was Wilkes whom Samuel Johnson had in mind when he defined patriotism as "the last refuge of a scoundrel." Wilkes was dizzy with infatuation for Pitt and warned (correctly, as it turned out) that Britain would be swindled by Spain if it sought peace too early.

When Hogarth made *The Times*, a two-part series that cast Bute as a hero and Pitt as a warmonger, Wilkes devoted an entire issue of his *North Briton* magazine to Hogarth. The artist was accused of toadying to the crown, of being more comfortable with vice than virtue, of being unhappily married. Hogarth fought back with the portrait of a googly-eyed Wilkes holding the name of liberty on a pike with lecherous self-importance. This —sweet revenge—is the best-known rendering of Wilkes that has come down to posterity. But it's no exaggeration to say the quarrel killed Hogarth, who had already been weakened by a series of strokes. Months into the feud, he died.

Fielding said of Hogarth in his preface to *Joseph Andrews*, "It hath been thought a vast commendation of a painter to say his figures seem to breathe; but surely it is a much greater and nobler applause than they seem to think." It is this "thinking" that provides Hogarth's art a more nuanced morality than can usually be accommodated in a picture.

Hogarth understands, among other things, that much of the moral correction in which people engage is done for the sheer delight of it—as the leering, whip-toting guard in the prison scene of *A Harlot's Progress* makes clear. This was a commonplace of eighteenth-century life. One Harrow headmaster, Samuel Parr, loved flogging so much he asked his charges if he could whip them in advance, promising that he would let them off, the next time they did something wrong.

Hogarth, of course, is open to the same charge of exulting in the conduct he pretends to upbraid. In the first panel of *The Four Stages of Cruelty*, two men are hoisting cats upside down by their tails so they'll scratch each other's eyes out. There's a cockfight. There's a boy tying a bone to a dog's tail. In the background, a man is throwing a cat out of a fourth-story window with makeshift wings to see if it will fly. The chief delinquent is pushing an arrow into a dog's rectum, while a figure whose face we cannot see (Satan?) helps him pry the dog's legs apart. The delinquent gets a condign comeuppance in the fourth panel, when he's dissected in an operating theater after having been hanged, with a surgeon carving out



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

an eye as if coring an apple. Uglow is right to feel an "uneasy sense of Hogarth's own aesthetic pleasure in portraying cruelty."

Bindman exonerates him of the charge of glorifying drunkenness, even if such drinking blowouts as *A Midnight Modern Conversation* have been copied onto hip flasks and punch bowls for the last two-and-a-half centuries. No such indulgence is possible for Hogarth's sexual situations: Most of his prostitutes and slatterns are temptingly lovely, and meant to be. One colleague claimed of *A Harlot's Progress* that "this whore's desabille careless and a pretty Countenance & air" were big selling points, and the allure of the prostitute who betrays the idle apprentice in *Industry and Idleness* is practically pornographic.

Hogarth's continuing appeal is often chalked up to his racy modernity—the prostitutes' bedrooms with their syringes and condoms, the drunken dandies, the crowds outside the opera. In fact, his appeal may lie in his antiquity. What is valuable in him is something we've lost: the ability to steer clear of sin without shrinking from the spectacle of it. There is always something voyeuristic about artists of great moral imagination: a curiosity about the occasions of sin, a fascination with temptation's cunning. If such curiosity is the moralist's stock-in-trade, then today we use the word "moralist" as the opposite of what other generations understood it to mean.

For Hogarth, temptation is temptation because it's *tempting*, and moral theories that take no account of that (like "Just Say No") are worse than useless. His morality is something more than a sneaking prurience. It's a natural understanding of how frail is the material we have to work with. It's another way of saying "the richness of life." ♦

# THE HORROR, THE HORROR

## *The Moviegoer's Diary Chronicles Aliens, Zombies, and Lawyers*

**By John Podhoretz**

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 23. Eighteen years after the original *Alien* comes a third sequel, this one called *Alien: Resurrection*. And what an eighteen years it's been. Back in 1979, *Alien* featured a special effect more graphic, horrifying, and disgusting than anything previously attempted: A tiny alien literally bursting through the chest of a man who is screaming in pain. That's nothing these days. *Alien: Resurrection* has so many gross-out scenes—it's easily the most violent movie I've ever seen—that it's hard to sort them out, what with the holes in people's heads and the deformed clones of Sigourney Weaver and an alien birth and God knows what else.

And even though the special effects are astounding (particularly a scene in which the aliens do a kind of Esther Williams water ballet), there isn't a moment in *Alien: Resurrection* with a tenth of the power of that original chest-bursting scene. "In space," said the famous advertisement for the original film, "no one can hear you scream." The motto certainly wasn't accurate for *Alien*; shrieks and cries of terror rang through Chicago's State Lake Theater, where I saw it in 1979. But in New York in 1997, all I heard was a little nervous laughter and no screams at all.

That evening at the State Lake Theater changed my life. I was so terrified that I could not stay in my seat. I fled across Randolph Street to wait, trembling, for my companions to emerge. I was humiliated by my cowardice and resolved that I would see every horror movie that came through Chicago until I was no longer controlled by my fear. I saw low-rent slasher movie after low-rent slasher movie (many of them given holiday titles like *New Year's Day* and *April Fool's Day* and *Mother's Day* to remind one of the hit *Halloween*), zombie epic after zombie epic (my favorite was *Dawn of the Dead*, in which zombies take over a Philadelphia shopping mall and take rides on the little horsie outside Woolworth's).

It worked. Just as the social scientists warn us what happens to children who are exposed to violence on film, I grew "desensitized." Let a zombie munch on a guy's arm or a madman hang his enemies on a meathook—it no longer frightens me, for I've achieved a clinical detachment: This week's zombie arm-munching looks far more realistic than last week's; hmm, they must have improved the prosthetics. Through movie magazines dedicated to the horror genre—the most pretentious was called *Cinéfantastique*, the most adolescent was called *Fangoria*—I became familiar with the names of special-effects guys and their innovations: Tom Savini is the one whose zombies spill red Karo syrup out of their mouths to simulate blood, while Rick Baker figured out how to transform a man into a werewolf before your very eyes.

*A contributing editor to* THE WEEKLY STANDARD, *John Podhoretz edits the editorial pages of the* New York Post.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

As I grew desensitized, so did the rest of the country. Gruesome imagery became such standard issue that *The Silence of the Lambs* could win an Oscar for Best Picture in 1992 with several scenes straight out of a gore movie (like the one in which Anthony Hopkins slices off a policeman's face, places it over his own, and escapes from custody). By the 1990s, you could see the chest-burster from *Alien* do its thing on any basic cable channel.

So the old gross-out just doesn't work that well anymore. But suggestion, tension, threat—these do work, and always will, if they are handled well. Last year's *Scream*, now out on video, begins with a powerful five-minute scene in which Drew Barrymore is stalked around her own house as she talks to the stalker on a cordless phone. Nothing happens for a long time, but the scene gets more and more frightening and will be one of those sequences that people remember for the rest of their lives.

*Alien: Resurrection* is actually rather clever in its way, especially in its handling of Sigourney Weaver, the robotic actress who has starred in all four of the *Alien* films. This time, she plays a clone who looks like Ripley, her old character, but is actually part Ripley, part alien. She goes through the movie with an evil smirk on her face, and why not? She isn't very talented, she isn't a big star, and yet she got $11 million to appear in *Alien: Resurrection*. I'd smile too.

**Thursday, November 27.** A post-prandial Thanksgiving walk leads my family to *The Rainmaker*, Francis Ford Coppola's adaptation of John Grisham's bestseller. When it's good, it's wonderful, and that's because of Coppola's remarkable talent; when it's bad, it's embarrassing, and that's because of Coppola's remarkable lack of judgment.

*The Rainmaker* is a shaggy-dog story about a kid graduating from an unimpressive law school with few prospects. He finds work with a lawyer who runs a strip club when he is not chasing ambulances, and teams up with an older schlub who has failed the bar exam six times. But our hero somehow comes upon a case of a poor young man being shafted by an insurance company, which refuses to authorize a new treatment for his leukemia. And from there it's off to the races, the Frank Capraesque little guy against the corporate big guys.

The movie is a lot of fun. Coppola shows yet again what an amazing eye for casting he has (that is, when he's not casting his daughter Sofia in *Godfather III* or his nephew Nicolas Cage in *Peggy Sue Got Married*). The unknown Matt Damon turns in a star performance as the young lawyer, and Jon Voight reinvigorates his career as a killer corporate lawyer with a molasses-sweet arrogance. An unrecognizable Mickey Rourke is hilarious as the redneck attorney who hires Damon. And Teresa Wright, who won an Oscar in 1943 as a young war bride in *Mrs. Miniver*, pops up again fifty-five years later as a not-so-dotty old Southern belle and does a stylish job.

**ACTORS CAN PORTRAY GENIUS WITHOUT BEING GENIUSES. BUT NO AUTHOR CAN WRITE ABOUT BRILLIANCE WITHOUT BEING BRILLIANT.**

That's the good Coppola. The bad Coppola joined Grisham in stacking the deck against the insurance company so thoroughly that the case itself isn't very interesting. On top of which, he hired Michael Herr to write a voice-over narration for Damon to read throughout the movie.

Herr (whose only notable credit is *Dispatches*, an appallingly anti-American book about the Vietnam War) also wrote the narration for Coppola's *Apocalypse Now*. Perhaps you remember it: full of pompous existential angst about what it means to be a killer and the horror of war. Well, the narration here is full of pompous existential angst about what it means to be a lawyer and the horror of litigation, and it's completely out of keeping with the jaunty tone Coppola uses for the rest of the movie.

**Saturday, December 6.** Three hundred of the most chic moviegoers in America are crowding into the lobby at the Angelika Film Center, on the border between Greenwich Village and Soho, where you can't get popcorn but you can get an arugula sandwich on a baguette and a cappuccino for $8.50. This is the sort of crowd where people stand alone, reading Gabriel Garcia Marquez's *Love in the Time of Cholera* or Vladimir Nabokov's *Speak, Memory*, while others rattle at each other in Italian. There's so much black clothing on display, both men's and women's, that I feel like a popsicle in my yellowish winter jacket.

And what is the film that has drawn this formidable crowd to this cocktail-party lobby? Is it, perhaps, a revival of *The Seventh Seal*? Or *Shoah*? No, it's *Good Will Hunting*, which turns out to be a heartwarming TV movie from the 1970s updated with profanity and a dedication at the end to William S. Burroughs and Allen Ginsburg. A working-class genius named Will Hunting has the greatest mind for mathematics in the world, but he prefers to work construction, get into fistfights, and live a lowdown life in the South End of Boston.

*Good Will Hunting* is a movie about a genius written by two men who are not geniuses: the actors



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Matt Damon (the same one from *The Rainmaker*) and Ben Affleck. This is a problem. Actors can certainly portray genius without being on the winning end of the bell curve, but no author can write about brilliance without brilliance.

The audience doesn't for a minute believe Will Hunting is one of the most intelligent people on this earth. As Damon plays him, Will just seems to have memorized a lot of stuff, which he can recite back really fast without taking a breath. We see a shot of him reading a book simply by turning the pages; in this way as in many others, he less resembles Einstein than Dustin Hoffman's character in *Rain Man*. Damon and Affleck seem to have confused idiot savantry with genius.

But it's a sweet little movie—too sweet for my tastes, especially given the overdose of saccharin provided by Robin Williams, who plays Will Hunting's shrink. This too is a doozy of a character: another math genius from South Boston, who went off to Vietnam, decided to become a therapist, had a happy marriage but an unsuccessful career owing to the fact that his beloved wife seems to have spent most of the last forty years on her death bed.

The shrink tries to strangle Will Hunting at one point, which is probably a good idea, but doesn't really seem therapeutic. Not to worry. By the end of the movie the two are hugging and weeping. Once again on the silver screen, therapy provides an easy catharsis: A shrink challenges, his patient breaks down and sobs, and everything is all better. I would have enjoyed it more if Robin Williams had turned into a zombie and taken a nice, big chunk out of Matt Damon's arm. ♦

# STALIN'S PHOTOSHOP

## *Cropping History in the U.S.S.R.*

**By Arnold Beichman**

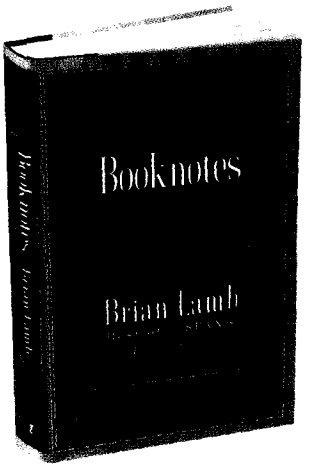
From its beginning in 1917, the Communist regime in Russia created—in the words of the Sovietologist Robert Conquest—"falsification on an enormous scale." The fact of this falsification has been documented many times in the last eighty years, but never quite as vividly and as graphically as in this new volume, *The Commissar Vanishes*, by David King, a former art director of the London *Sunday Times*. With his lavishly illustrated study of photographs, paintings, and sculptures from the time of Lenin and Stalin, King has given us a new kind of history of the lies of the Soviet Union: the before-and-after editing of the Soviets' own official visual history.

**David King**
***The Commissar Vanishes***
***The Falsification of Photographs and Art in Stalin's Russia***
Metropolitan/Henry Holt, 192 pp., $35

Some of the photographs King reproduces—in the main, of commissars who killed for Lenin in the 1920s only to be killed by Stalin in the 1930s—were fished out of Soviet archives by the resourceful author

*Arnold Beichman is a research fellow at the Hoover Institution.*


A Gift of Note for the Holidays




"One of the best things that has happened to the world of books."
—BookPage

Which author was interviewed for a presidential staff position in the White House barber shop?
See page 240

Which acclaimed historian frequently writes in the nude?
See page 11

Over 150 of America's finest nonfiction authors share the stories behind their books in this fascinating collection of essays drawn from C-SPAN's *Booknotes* program.

C-SPAN
The Network for Books

Watch *Booknotes* on C-SPAN Sundays at 8 P.M.

Watch *About Books* on C-SPAN2 weekend nights

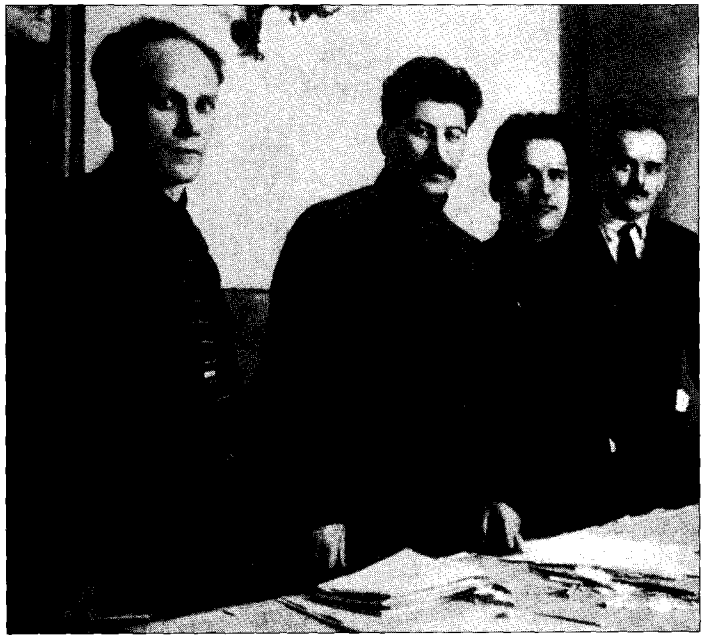
Look for *Booknotes* on the Web at www.booknotes.org

Visit our Web site at www.randomhouse.com

TIMES BOOKS




LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



and are now published for the first time. If one can ignore the shaven skulls, mustaches, beards, workers' caps and military uniforms, most of the pictures have that old-fashioned, posed look of the college-fraternity group shot. Russian photographers seemed little influenced by Eugene Atget or Henri Cartier-Bresson and the rage for photography *vérité* sweeping Europe at the time.

What they were influenced by was the already dated aesthetic of the photo studio—with all its retouchers, airbrushers, montagists, scissormen, croppers, and paste-and-penmen. There must have been a whole Soviet industry, perhaps a government ministry, specializing in doctoring photos to order. In one picture of Lenin speaking to a crowd outside the Bolshoi, Trotsky listens nearby.

A decade later—after his expulsion from the Party in November 1927, though before he was assassinated in 1940 in Mexico at Stalin's orders—the very visible, goateed Trotsky has disappeared, replaced by five wooden steps leading up to the speaker's platform. Stalin clearly believed that if he altered a photo or ordered a fictitious painting of himself, he would alter history forever. As another Sovietologist, Adam Ulam, once put it: Stalin, as leader-in-chief of the Communist party, seemed to regard himself as also, ex officio, the party's historian-in-chief.

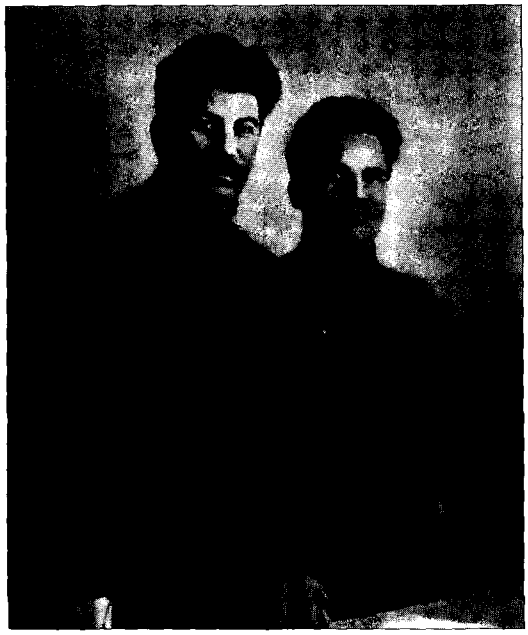
**THE SOVIETS WERE INFLUENCED BY THE ALREADY DATED AESTHETIC OF THE PHOTO STUDIO—WITH ITS RETOUCHERS, AIRBRUSHERS, AND CROPPERS.**

Two main causes produced all this mendacity. The first is that there were few photos of Stalin before 1922, the year Lenin appointed him the Party's general secretary. One early eyewitness chronicler of the Rus-sian revolution, Nikolai Sukhanov, described the man as "a gray blur, dimly looming up now and again but not leaving any trace." In the civil war that followed the revolution, dozens of other Bolsheviks played larger roles than Stalin—particularly Trotsky, who created the Red Army. After Stalin's accession, however, actual photos of scenes of the Bolshevik revolution had to be doctored to transform that gray blur into the mythic superhero of Bolshevik history. So we see Stalin standing behind Lenin on the steps of a railroad car at the Finland Station, a meeting that never happened. The suddenly vivid figure was painted onto battlefields where he had never fought and at important party meetings he had never attended.

The second cause of the falsified images was Stalin's purges and the infamous Moscow trials. The same Party Congress photo could go through several versions depending on who had been arrested, tried, tortured, expelled, or executed between one congress and the next. Heroes at one congress became "enemies of the people" at the next, their presence in historic photos airbrushed out. Of 1,961 delegates to the 1934



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



*Starting at far left: a 1926 photograph of Nikolai Antipov, Stalin, Sergei Kirov, and Nikolai Shvernik.*

*By 1940, Antipov had disappeared.*

*By 1949, Shvernik had been airbrushed away.*

*And in the oil painting done by Isaak Brodsky from the photograph, Stalin alone remains.*

Seventeenth Party Congress, no fewer than 1,108 were later liquidated.

Although King deals only with Lenin and Stalin, the fakery continued after Stalin's death in March 1953. The post-Stalin leadership prepared a secret instruction banning the practice, but this kind of falsification seemed built into the system. A famous photo of Soviet astronaut Yuri Gagarin, snapped after his April 1961 space triumph, shows him shaking hands with Nikita Khrushchev while the Soviet Presidium looks on. After the October 1964 coup by Leonid Brezhnev, Khrushchev was airbrushed out—leaving Gagarin, right arm outstretched to shake hands with nobody.

Doctoring photos is, of course, not confined to the Soviet Union. A New York tabloid, the *Evening Graphic* (sometimes known as the *Evening Pornographic*), developed in the 1920s the "composograph"—a technique for taking scenes described in testimony at sensational courtroom trials and reconstructing them as ersatz photographs. The U.S. postal service, according to the *Wall Street Journal*, recently airbrushed a cigarette out of the fingers of a pilot's hand as part of the anti-smoking campaign. When it's done by the Western media, however, it's usually done for trivial reasons—as for instance when *Newsweek* three weeks ago used computer manipulation to straighten the teeth of Bobbi McCaughey, the septuplet's mother.

Nearly everyone knows, by this point, that everything in the Soviet Union was a lie—and that those lies, embodied in party-line photos, paintings, sculptures, magazines, and books spread from the U.S.S.R. like a global cloud of pollution. In some places, like mainstream Soviet studies in America's own universities, Soviet lies became accepted truths.

But the system, then and now, has its defenders. The well-established American literary critic, Frederic Jameson—Duke University professor of literature and a loyal Marxist—declared, "Stalinism is disappearing not because it failed, but because it succeeded and fulfilled its historical mission to force the rapid industrialization of an underdeveloped country." An older defender of Stalinism, the British Marxist historian Eric Hobsbawm, once explained, "The terrible paradox of the Soviet era is that the Stalin experienced by the Soviet peoples and the Stalin seen as a liberating force outside were the same. And he was the liberator for the ones at least in part because he was the tyrant for the others." And the American professor Jerry Hough added that "the Soviet leadership almost seems to have made the Soviet Union closer to the spirit of the pluralist model of American political science than is the United States."

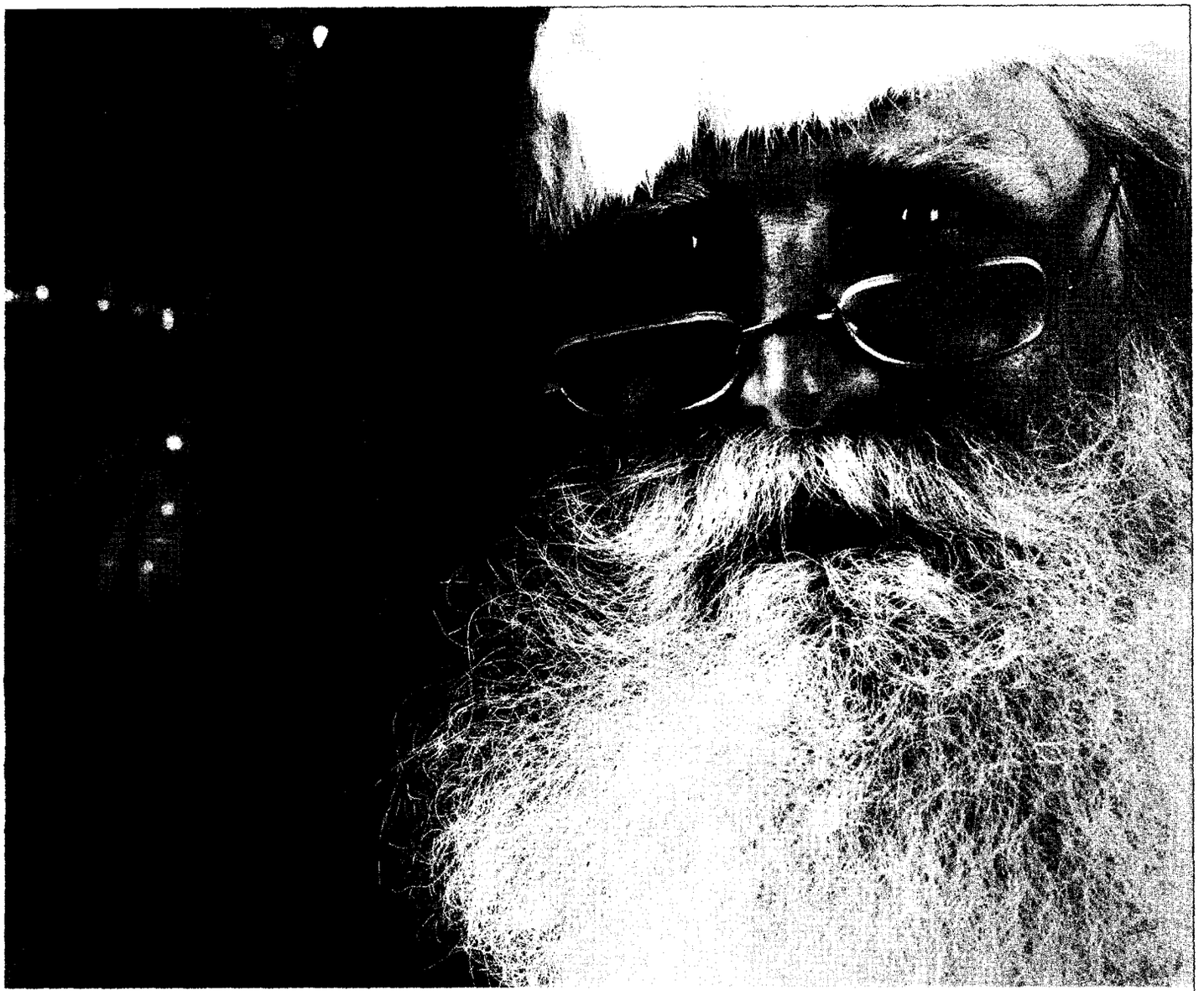
Jameson, Hobsbawm, Hough, and their associates don't really know or even seem to care that they are still in thrall to history that is not history, photos that are not photos, economics that is not economics, art that is not art. A picture, one hears, is worth a thousand words. But even the hundreds of pictures in David King's *The Commissar Vanishes* may not be enough to persuade those like Jameson, Hobsbawm, and Hough of the lies of Marxism-Leninism-Stalinism. ♦



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# *N*ot a *P*arody

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



# Another Residential Customer Ignored by the Big Long Distance Companies

**He's Santa. Not "Santa Inc."** He's not a big corporation. He has eight tiny reindeer, not a fleet of corporate jets. He lives at the North Pole, he isn't headquartered on Wall Street. Working one night a year, employing a small group of elves, Santa doesn't provide the big profits the long distance giants demand.

So, like millions of other residential customers, Santa can't get local phone service from the big long distance giants. While they routinely offer local service to big businesses, they ignore residential customers.

BellSouth is ready to offer service to everyone. Yet we are forbidden to offer customers like Santa and everyone on his list long distance service.

This Christmas, the Federal Communications Commission has a chance to deliver a real gift to millions of residential consumers: Approval of BellSouth's entry into long distance in South Carolina and Louisiana. FCC approval can provide savings and jobs for South Carolina and Louisiana over the next several years – $300 for each South Carolina household and over 7,500 jobs for Louisiana. That's a gift even Santa can't deliver.

**Savings. Convenience. Competition.** It's what we want to give everybody on our shopping list.

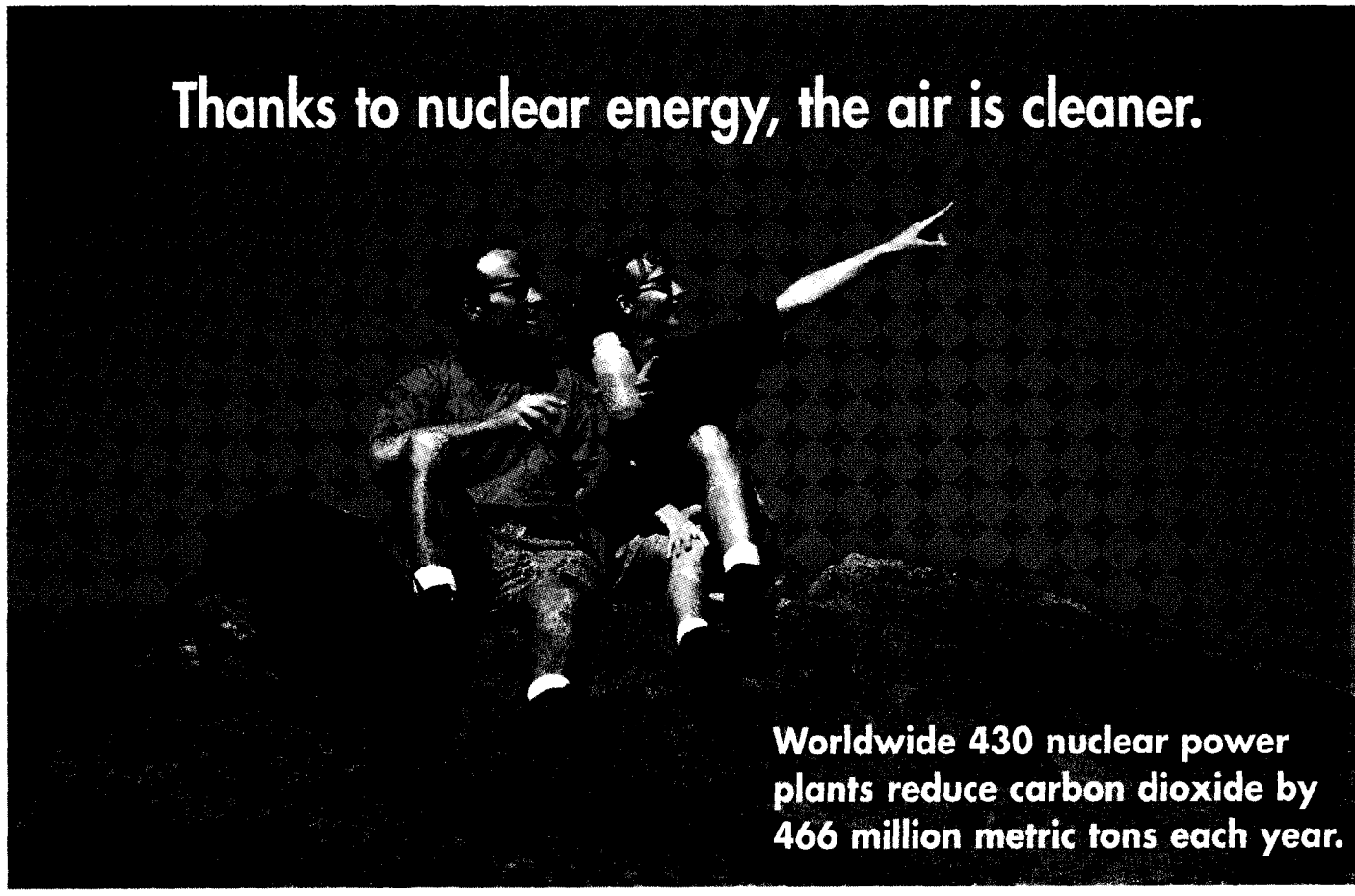
*Even the big guy in the red suit.*

**BELLSOUTH**

www.bellsouth.com

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Thanks to nuclear energy, the air is cleaner.




As the world's attention turns to global climate change, it's comforting to realize that America already enjoys a zero-emission source of electricity: nuclear energy.

Today, 107 nuclear power plants provide electricity for 200 million Americans. These plants don't burn anything to generate electricity, so they don't pollute the air. In fact, nuclear power plants have accounted for 90 percent of U.S. electric utility greenhouse gas reductions since 1973.

Nuclear energy is a safe, proven technology that can help meet America's energy needs without harming our climate.

**NUCLEAR. THE CLEAN AIR ENERGY.**

NEI

NUCLEAR ENERGY INSTITUTE

**1776 I Street, NW Suite 400 Washington, DC 20006-3708 202-739-8000 www.nei.org**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED